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**REGINALD TREVOR.**

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**J. Darling, Printer, Leadenhall-Street, London.**

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# REGINALD TREVOR;

OR, THE

## WELSH LOYALISTS.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

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BY

EDWARD TREVOR ANWYL.

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Those were troublous times.

*The Antiquary.*

.....

Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst ye, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech ye all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter.

*Cymbeline, Act I. Scene 5.*

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

1829.



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# REGINALD TREVOR.

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## CHAP. I.

“ ————— It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed her : she is so far above me,  
That in her radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted ; not in her sphere.”

**LIONEL** remained a short time with the earl, to receive some directions to be attended to on the morrow ; and his attendance being required no longer that evening, he strolled out into the garden attached to the mansion, to ruminate, in solitude and silence, upon the eventful occurrences of the last few days.

The garden in question was situated behind the house, which was an old building, and had formerly belonged to the monastery of St. Anthony, of which, together with the present cathedral, it had constituted a part.

His thoughts were, of course, occupied with the charms and artless beauties of Matilda Montresor; and it was not till he was removed from their immediate influence, and thus enabled to reflect more coolly upon his case, that he became painfully conscious of his presumption and ingratitude, in daring to entertain any other thoughts towards his patron's daughter, than those of the highest and most distant respect. That he felt he *could* love her, he would not pretend to conceal. And why could he not? He was a lonely and desolate being in the world. Without father, without mother, and without kindred, his young heart yearned after some delightful object, upon which it might  
repose

repose all its best and dearest affections. But then, gratitude and esteem for his patron, who had been as a father to him, urged him to confess to himself, that this patron's only child, the prop and only relic of his honourable house, was not the individual whom he ought to select as the object of *his* love and adoration. As well might he aspire at once to the hand and heart of a princess ; for, child of fortune as he was, the one would not be more unattainable than the other.

We have seen, that Lionel's feelings were the feelings of an upright and honourable heart ; and even now, under circumstances so trying to his resolution, they solely influenced his actions. —“ I will leave my lord,” he said to himself, as the consequences of his love for Matilda presented themselves to his mind—“ I will leave him, before it is too late. I am not now so much in love with this angelic maiden, but I may break through the spell which I

feel has bound me; and time and absence, or, it may be, death in some foreign land, will heal the wound which will pierce my heart. Yet how vain I am!" and a ray of joy broke in upon his sadness; for the thought which prompted this exclamation, obviated, so Lionel imagined, the necessity of an immediate removal—such perfect casuists are lovers. "To suppose that this high-born and peerless maiden should bestow even a single thought upon the object of her noble father's bounty and protection! Of a surety, master Lionel, the wars have taught thee odd notions of humility! Why should I banish myself? If I go, I shall not be missed; and if I stay, why, let the misery be mine; I can but love in secret, and worship unseen the divinity which has robbed me of my peace." And our youth, mightily pleased with his conclusions, walked more erect and more briskly along the terraced walk in the garden.

Presently



Presently his attention was attracted by a light, which gleamed through a latticed casement, at one end of the building; this looked directly upon the terrace; and his surprise was somewhat excited, when the sounds of an exquisitely-sweet voice fell upon his ear. The gloom of twilight had long since fallen upon the earth, and, with the hope of hearing this unexpected strain of harmony, he walked slowly in the direction whence it issued. He stood beneath the casement; and, to his great astonishment, heard Matilda singing, with all the exquisite pathos and feeling of her nature, a beautiful evening hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

If there be any one situation in which a mistress appears to the greatest advantage in the eyes of her lover, it is when employed in acts of unassuming devotion; and we will not attempt to analyze or describe Lionel's emotions, as he listened in breathless silence to

the sweet and simple melody which Matilda poured forth, in the calm, still evening. He more than once ventured to look up towards the lovely minstrel, and beheld her, with clasped hands, and elevated eyes, lifting up her soul in fervent prayer to that Almighty Being, who had protected her youth, and hitherto shielded her heart from sorrow.

The last cadence of the sacred song had died away, the casement was closed, and the tapestried curtains had hid from his strained sight even the shadow of the maiden, before Lionel left a spot so fraught with endearing interest to him. But some time elapsed before he could quite tear himself away from the garden. He continued his ramblings, indeed, till the cathedral clock tolled nine, at which hour he knew the earl wished all his dependents at their respective quarters for the night. He avoided the entrance-hall, which was usually, in the evening, the scene of pretty deep ca-  
rousings;

rousings; and entering the house by a private door, sought his chamber, glad to escape from the noise and uproar of his comrades.

Here sleep, had he courted it, would have proved coy to his allurements: but he did not court it; for his mind was too much occupied with the remembrance of that evening's occurrences, to seek for repose in their forgetfulness. His chamber was a small retired nook, which had, most probably, in times of yore, served as an oratory to some distinguished inmate of the monastery; for the pointed fretwork of the ceiling, and the deep recess of its Gothic window, seemed to indicate that it had been appropriated to the use and seclusion of some favoured son of the church. It was at the opposite end of the building to the one occupied by Matilda, whose chamber was situated immediately above an apartment, which had been recently, and indeed still was, used as a sort of

guard-room. Lionel, as he passed by, heard the loud and consequential voice of his late colleague, rising in uproarious merriment, above the murmuring din of his boon companions; and he knew full well, that the magnanimous Pierce was verging very rapidly towards that state of drunken jollity, which constituted the *summum bonum* of that worthy's mortal happiness. Lionel muttered a malediction on the boisterous wassailers, as he considered that their rioting might possibly disturb the slumbers of the peerless Matilda. But this, if it did occur, was not the only evil consequence which accrued from the nocturnal potations of these hardy warriors; for either from their negligence in not keeping proper watch, or from their carelessness as to the cause, an accident happened, which might have been followed by very lamentable results.

Lionel had seated himself at the narrow Gothic window of his chamber, and  
had

had thrown open the casement, as much to gaze towards the dormitory of his unconscious charmer, as to cool his feverish brow in the night breeze. The evening was calm and lovely, and the dark blue sky was covered with innumerable stars. All was silent and still, except the rustling of the wind among the ivy which covered the building, and the occasional heavy clank of the sentinel's tread, as he moved backwards and forwards in the court-yard. Presently a thick smoke rose from the building, and from a window immediately beneath that where he had seen Matilda at her devotions. Lionel knew this to be the window of the guard-room; but Plunkett and his crew had long since left it, and there had been no light in it for some time. He felt a vague but terrible sensation of alarm, and had scarcely conceived an opinion as to the cause of the smoke, when a rushing noise reached his ear, and the next mo-

ment a large sheet of flame burst through the window. There was no time to be lost, and, rushing down into the hall, he alarmed the household. Having directed their attention to the guard-room, he himself flew up the small stairs which led to Matilda's chamber, and with difficulty gained the door, for the flames, being copiously fed by the old wooden rafters of the building, raged with great violence, and had already begun to creep up the staircase. Fortunately this was of stone, so that no ignition took place, although the smoke was dense and oppressive. Lionel shook the door forcibly, and exclaimed—"Sweet lady, give me admittance—for the love of God unbar the door! the house is on fire, and you are in great peril!"

"Oh come in, whoever you are," faintly ejaculated Matilda, as one of her maidens unfastened the door; "I fear we must all perish."

"Not so, lady," said Lionel, as he sprang

sprang into the chamber; "I will save you, or die in the attempt!"

Matilda was reclining on a couch, loosely dressed in a robe, which she had hastily thrown around her; and, terrified almost to insensibility, she made no effort to rise, till she discovered that her preserver was Lionel—"Generous youth!" she exclaimed, "again to risk your life in my defence! But leave me, leave me, Lionel, and seek my mother—she may not even be aware of her danger."

"Pardon me, lady," returned the youth, respectfully but firmly, "*your* danger I know is great, and your safety depends upon the decisive energy of a moment: say then, will you trust yourself to my guidance?"

"Oh yes, yes!" and she rose as she spoke. "But save my mother, even if you should not save her child!"

Lionel led her towards the stairs, and bidding her attendants follow, he lifted the trembling maiden in his arms, and

shrouding her, like an infant, in the ample folds of her mantle, bore her boldly down the stairs. Fortunately the flames had been in some measure subdued; but there was still a large quantity of thick smoke remaining. Dashing however quickly through it, he bore his lovely burthen across the hall, to the opposite end of the mansion, and placed her, almost breathless with terror and alarm, in perfect safety in a small anti-room. He waited not to hear her thanks; but leaving her to the care of her attendants, he rushed out of the room to seek the countess. He found her and the earl in the entrance-hall, agitated by horrible suspense as to the fate of Matilda.

“Have you seen my child?” exclaimed the anxious mother, as Lionel approached. “Oh tell me that she is safe!”

“She *is* safe, lady, quite safe; and awaits with impatience to see you, and her noble father, in yonder anti-room.”

“Thank



“Thank God!” exclaimed both the parents, as they hurried towards the chamber which contained their daughter, Lionel leading the way.

The meeting was tenderly moving, and ended in a mutual congratulation and delight at their escape from the danger with which they were threatened.

The parents were quickly informed of Lionel’s heroism and gallantry; and they sought to thank him personally for the preservation of their child; but he had left the room, and was actively engaged in directing the domestics and dependents of the earl to extinguish the remains of the fire. This they speedily accomplished, and Lionel returned to the room where he had deposited his fair charge; but here he found nobody but the earl, as the ladies had retired to chambers, which had been hastily prepared for them, at that extremity of the building.

“I need not tell you, Lionel,” said  
his

his lordship, as he warmly pressed the hand of his *protégé*, "how much we are indebted to you; but for you, my child would have perished in the flames! Tell me, Lionel, have you any matter in which I can be of service to you—any wish that I can gratify?"

"None, my lord; except it be your permission to serve you in word and deed, in peril, if peril you should have, and in all your fortunes."

"Nay, *I* shall be the gainer there," said the earl, smiling. "But as you are too modest to name your own wishes, I must provide for you. Know you that Monk and the Presbyterians have declared for Charles, and that his friends here are actively engaged in preparing for his appearance among us?"

"I had heard some rumours of such intelligence; but they came from a quarter on which I could not well rely."

"It is even so, notwithstanding," said the earl; "and by a despatch, received  
from

from Charles himself, I have orders to repair forthwith to London; and am deputed with the authority of creating as many officers as I may want, for the services entrusted to me. The ladies have already dubbed you a knight; I will add to it the rank of a captain in the king's own guards, a regiment to which he has graciously appointed me colonel."

Lionel was struck dumb with surprise and gratitude, and it was some time before he could murmur his thanks and acknowledgements. He was somewhat astonished, also, to learn that the earl had made arrangements for the departure of his establishment from Bristol, in the course of a few days. Most of his suite was to proceed in advance, while the earl and his own immediate attendants were to follow more leisurely. Of course Lionel was deputed to accompany the ladies, in whose estimation he had already made very considerable advances;

vances; and he retired to rest for the night, upon the whole, exceedingly well pleased with the bustling events of the day.

We will leave him to his slumbers; and while he is accompanying the earl and his family to the great city, the reader will please to follow us once more into Wales; but the events which we are about to describe, deserve at least the distinction of a new chapter.

## CHAP. II.

Ask thou of him, and he shall tell

Who did the doleful deed.

He saw the night-hag set the spell,

He saw the victim bleed.

*The Hag of Snowdon.*

THE success of the loyal party in England, and the secession of Monk and his army from the parliament, had restored Wales once more to comparative tranquillity. The defeat which Mytton sustained on the Carneddwan, was followed up by the total expulsion of that commander from Wales ; and as the events which ensued at the capital demanded the undivided attention of the republicans, the Welsh were left to enjoy the fruit of their successful resistance,

ance, unmolested by any systematic or formal interruptions from the parliamentary army. We say by any formal interruptions, because they were still, in some parts, a good deal harassed by straggling parties of the republican army; these parties being composed of the most dissolute and disorderly of the men, acting on their own responsibility, and under no permanent control. In fact, many of them had joined the remnant of the outlaws of the Black Wood, and carried on, with that precious fraternity, a system of predatory warfare, similar in practice and effect to the illegal irruptions of freebooters.

The times were yet too unsettled to punish these depredators by law; so that when an opportunity did occur, the most summary vengeance was inflicted on them, by the aggrieved mountaineers. Hitherto the inland parts of Merionethshire, and of the neighbouring county  
of

of Caernarvon, had not been disturbed by the intrusion of these marauders, who preferred exercising their heroism upon the borderers, and upon the natives of the more fertile counties of Flint and Montgomery. The inhabitants, therefore, of the inland districts, were permitted to follow their customary avocations, and to repair, in some degree, the ravages which had been made, even by the short warfare in which they had been engaged.

The face of the country assumed once more the appearance of returning peace, and as the peasants were enabled to cultivate the ground, one of the evils of civil dissension, a scarcity, namely of grain, was thus obviated, while the people themselves, relieved as they were from much terrible oppression, looked more cheerful and contented, and returned to those occupations and pastimes, which contribute as much to the benefit of the community, as they do  
to

to the happiness and well-being of the individual. The loyal leaders, now that there was no further necessity for their services to repel an enemy, returned to their estates; and, turning their swords into scythes, and their spears into pruning-hooks, followed their agricultural pursuits, in the hope that happier and more tranquil times were in reserve for them.

Upon the cessation of hostilities, Reginald returned to Abermaw Castle, and his sole anxiety was to discover the retreat of Isabel and the baron. In this endeavour he was perfectly unsuccessful. From some documents found upon the person of the outlaw Kenric, he traced the fugitives as far as Shrewsbury; but what had become of them since, he knew not, nor could he ascertain. He had dispatched emissaries in every direction through the country; but he could gain no intelligence whatever of the objects of his search. He  
came



came therefore to the resolution of setting out himself in search of them; and this determination he resolved to put in practice, as soon as the genial weather of spring should render the mountain roads passable. Evan was to be his sole attendant, to the infinite delight of that faithful fellow, whose love for the demure Shenny Roberts, had not been dissipated, either by the absence of his mistress, or by the turmoil and bustle of the war.

While Reginald was thus looking anxiously forward for the spring, his late colleague, Einion Edwards, had rigidly immured himself in his patrimonial residence at Caer Einion. Now that the excitement of the war was over, an additional gloom had fallen upon the mind of this unhappy man; and in the desolate solitude of his secluded residence, he gave full scope to an indulgence in that overwhelming melancholy, which was absolutely a luxury to his morbid disposition,

disposition, and indeed the only luxury in which his clouded and sombre spirit did indulge. To add yet more to this melancholic temperament, his sister—now, as we have before observed, the only relic of his family—became ill. Worn out by excessive anxiety and dread, and by a powerful solicitude for her brother's welfare, her feeble frame at length sank under the destructive influence of her mental suffering; and Einion saw, with a sorrow that no other event could have caused, his beloved Meirion sinking into the grave, without the hope or the possibility of saving her. Day after day did he watch over her waning existence, with an agony which added to his moroseness, while it increased the natural irritability of his temper to such a degree, that although he certainly loved Meirion with all the fervour of his fiery spirit, yet he could not at all times command his wrath, even

even in the presence of his suffering and uncomplaining sister.

He had urged her repeatedly to permit some learned member of the faculty to see her, in the hope that she might derive some benefit from his skill; but she had uniformly refused his solicitation, because she well knew that earthly aid could avail her nothing; and although she saw that her refusal irritated her brother, she could not consent to his proposal, because she did not wish to part with him for any length of time, as she felt too conscious that her dissolution could not be distant, and Chester or Shrewsbury were the nearest places whence he could derive the assistance he wished to have. It was now too the depth of winter, and the mountains were enveloped in snow, which filled the valleys in drifts, rendering the roads impassable.

It was towards the close of a gloomy day in February, that Einion returned  
from

from his accustomed evening ramble. He had taken his gun with him, and he brought home, slung across his shoulders, the carcase of a mountain-kid, the flesh of which is reckoned a great delicacy, and infinitely preferable to that of the fawn. Something like a smile played upon his gloomy features, as he threw his burthen on the floor, and told his sister that his rifle had at length procured for him a prize which he had long wished to obtain, as he knew she was fond of kid.

Meirion thanked her brother, while the tear stood in her blue eye, as she reflected that she must soon leave him to his desolation and sorrow; besides, she knew that he must have ran some risk to have approached sufficiently near to shoot the animal; and she said to him—"But why, my brother, will you peril your life to procure such luxuries for me? Our evening pottage would satisfy

satisfy me, and save you from much toil and danger."

"Speak not of danger, Meirion," said Einion; "the life of a mountaineer is to me a life of ease; and little was the danger I encountered in shooting that timid thing for you. But little as that peril was, I have a boon to beg for it—say, will you grant it, Meirion?"

"Willingly, my brother, if I may; speak—what is it?"

"Let me go and seek advice and aid for you, from that strange, unearthly woman, Shonad of Cae Glâs."

"Einion! are you serious, my brother? what aid can a crazed old woman afford either you or me? Alas! my brother, I fear you are not well." And a suspicion arose in Meirion's mind, that her brother's intellects were actually somewhat deranged.

"Hear me, Meirion, and do not interrupt me," returned Einion, firmly. "It is not for you, or for me, to dispute  
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the power of that marvellous woman, or to question her agency. Let it suffice you to know, that she *has* that power. I have seen it proved ere now ; and all I require of you, is to consent to my supplication. It is not often, Meirion, that I trouble you with solicitations, and never in my own behalf. Say then, shall I see this aged woman ?”

“ Do as you will, my brother,” meekly answered Meirion, for she was fearful of irritating her brother, whose mind, she saw, was not even as calm as usual. “ Do as you will, Einion ; I cannot refuse you this, although I fear——”

“ Fear nothing,” interrupted Einion ; “ I have faith in the woman’s skill, and why should not you ? But I have your leave, and I am thankful.” He pressed a kiss on the pale brow of the maiden, and sat down to his evening meal, which had been prepared by the culinary skill and dexterity of Catty Reece, the only female

female domestic of which **Caer Einion** could boast.

This passed almost in silence. **Einion**, never very loquacious, seemed occupied with some mental burthen, of which he was in haste to rid himself; and he displayed more than usual celerity in the discussion of his supper. This did not escape the watchful eyes of his sister, who observed it with an affectionate curiosity, as to its import, but did not venture to trouble him with an inquiry. She was not, however, long left ignorant of its cause, for having finished his meal, **Einion** buckled on his sword, placed a pistol in his belt, and taking a stout staff in his hand, prepared to leave the house.

“ In the name of Heaven, **Einion**, whither are you going ?” asked **Meirion**, as her features, already wan with sickness, assumed the paleness of a corpse. “ Tell me, my brother, oh, pray tell me, has any thing happened to you ?” and

she placed her attenuated and almost-transparent hand on her brother's arm as she spoke.

Einion looked at her with an expression of surprise.—“ Did not you say that I should consult the witch-woman in your behalf? Why this alarm then?”

“ And must you seek her now, even under the darkness of a night like this? Surely, my brother, you will not expose yourself to the peril of the coming tempest. Hark! how the wind howls! Oh! do not—do not brave the terrors of the storm!”

“ Why—how now, Meirion?” sharply replied Einion. “ Thou hast grown childish in thy suffering. Think you that the storm has any terrors for me? But there will be no storm to-night. See!” and he threw open a large latticed window as he spoke, “ there is even a moon to light me on my way.”

“ Ay, my brother, but that way is long and lonely;” and Meirion trembled



bled as she gazed upon the distant hills, upon whose summits the moon cast only a sickly and fitful light, as she sailed among the dark lowering clouds with which the sky was covered.

“Nay, fear not, love,” said the chieftain, as he took his sister’s cold and trembling hand. “The distance is not so great; and the path is well known to me. But I must provide some offering for this skilful woman. Money we have none; and she is mortal woman enough to love gold. What will suffice? I have nothing left, but my sword and pistols, and my silver spurs; and they will rust now for want of use.” He paused a moment, and then continued—“She shall have the spurs.”

“Not so, Einion; take this chain;” and Meirion drew a gold chain from her bosom, and gave it to her brother. “It was my mother’s dying gift; and so shall it be her daughter’s. I had hoped it might have been of greater service.

But take it, Einion, and use it as you will."

"I will use it for thy benefit then, my sister," returned Einion; "and so farewell, till we meet again on the morrow;" and pressing a kiss on the cheek of his sister, the chieftain prepared to depart.

"Stay, Einion, stay but a moment," said Meirion, and she assumed a solemnity of manner well calculated to enforce her adjuration. "If any harm should happen to you—for these are troubled times—or you should be detained beyond your expectation, it might be that I should never see you more. I have not long to live, *that* I feel; and could rejoice at my doom, did I not think upon your desolation. But you will not be long after me, Einion. The withered branches of the blasted oak soon follow the scathed trunk of the parent tree; and *we* shall not remain long behind. If, Einion, I have at any  
time

time offended you, say that you forgive me."

"Forgive you! Oh, Meirion! Meirion!" and the bold and rugged mountaineer sank down on a seat, powerfully shaken by the tumultuous feelings which wrung his bosom.

"You weep, Einion," and the burning tears fell fast upon her clammy hand; "but weep not, my brother—weep not for me. I care not how soon I lay down this weary load of clay, or how speedily my spirit shall join its Redeemer, in a world brighter and happier than this has been to me."

"Meirion! talk not thus!" and the chieftain sprang from his seat, and stood erect before his sister. He dashed away the tears from his eyes, and again seized his staff. "Do not despond, Meirion," he continued; "I go to obtain relief for your sufferings, and not a hastening of your doom."

"True, my brother—and I thank you;  
c 4 but

but let me beg one boon of you : if I should die before your return, let me be buried by the side of our brother Jevan."

Einion wrung her hand, and rushed out of the house.

The night was dark and lowering, and the moon, by this time, had become so completely obscured by black clouds, as to afford no certain light to the wanderer. The wind, too, as it moaned among the rocks, added to the desolation, which harmonized so well with the dismal reflections of Einion Edwards, who pursued his rugged path with the perseverance and hardihood of a true mountaineer. He heeded not the gathering darkness, and he welcomed the wind, as it cooled his throbbing brow, and urged him to increased exertion in his progress. He even shouted, in a delirious ecstasy, as the rushing blast, descending swiftly along some mountain gully, almost overturned him in his path,

path, nearly depriving him, at the same time, of his breath. Luckily the road he traversed was well known to him, even from his boyhood, and he followed its perilous deviations, with the confidence which such knowledge was calculated to inspire.

In the course of two hours, or rather more, he approached the glen where the witch-woman had made her dwelling; and bold and brave as he notoriously was, his heart quailed within him, as he gazed on the dark, dismal, and secluded hollow, which shrouded her gloomy habitation, and which well deserved the name it had acquired, of *Hâvod Towyll*, or the Dark Dingle.

To add to the fearful desolation of the scene, the wind had increased to such a degree, that the trees of the dingle were bent and bowed by the blast, as easily as the slender twigs of the hazel-bush, when the summer breeze passes over them. A rapid mountain river, which pervaded

the glen, was also lashed into foam and vehemence by the wind, and the roar of its waters, as they boiled among the rocks, reached the ear, like the sound of distant thunder.

As yet the chieftain had not come in sight of the witch's dwelling ; but plunging into the brushwood which clothed the side of the dingle, he sought the margin of the river, by the side of which he knew there was a path, that would lead him directly to the spot.

He caught a glimpse of the hut, and was not surprised, even late as it was, to see a glare of red light issue from the window ; for he had heard that midnight was the hour chosen by this mysterious woman, to work her supernatural charms for the benefit or harm of less skilful mortals.

He approached nearer and nearer, and at length came close enough to see the reflection of the lurid light upon the dark and boiling waters of the river, which

which had formed for itself a basin, just opposite the door of the hut, into which the water came tumbling, in a small but exceedingly vehement cascade.

A strange noise now struck upon his ear, and rose high above the roaring of the river. It evidently issued from the hut, and was compounded of an uncouth mixture of yelling and singing, blended occasionally with a noise, which resembled the hooting of an owl. Startled, but not dismayed, Einion drew nearer the hut, and determined to ascertain the nature of the infernal pastime in which its inmates were apparently indulging, before he ventured to appear amongst them. He looked in at the window, and beheld a sight which might well have quailed the courage of the bravest man that breathed.

In the centre of the apartment was a small kettle, or cauldron, placed over a fire of mountain turf and charcoal; and Einion could see its dark and glutinous

contents bubbling to the brim, and then subsiding, as some cold fluid was added to them. Round this cauldron danced the witch Shonad, in all the savage and demoniac exultation of a fury. She shouted, and sang, and tossed her shrivelled arms on high, in all the delirium of ungovernable insanity, occasionally stopping to examine the contents of her cauldron, and to stroke a large gray owl, which, ever and anon, joined the yelling of its mistress, with one of its own sweet and prolonged hootings, flapping its huge wings, and hopping about the place, as if inspired by the incantations of the sibyl.

Einion shuddered as he witnessed this unhallowed ceremony; but his blood actually curdled in his veins, when, looking round the room, he saw a small waxen effigy, revolving, and almost melted, before a chafing-dish, containing ignited charcoal. He gazed again, and saw, or fancied that he saw, a striking  
resemblance



resemblance to his own sister, in the waxen image, which was gradually wasting away before the fire; and well he knew, that so soon as that was dissolved, his beloved Meirion would be no more. His first impulse was to rush into the hut, and snatch the revolving effigy from the fire; but he felt as it were spell-bound to the spot, and dared not leave it.

The witch now began to be more calm, and at length, standing with outstretched arms over the cauldron, she uttered the following incantation:—

By this dark spell, so well begun—  
By the spirit of my slaughter'd son—  
By blood and battle, fire and sword—  
By man's false heart, and falser word—  
By famine, pestilence, and guile—  
By man's dark deeds, and darker smile—  
By misery, and woe and want—  
By actions good that men recant—  
By perjury and murder, crimes  
That fill thy palaces betimes—

By

By thine own cruelty to man—  
By fleshless spectres, cold and wan,  
I call upon thee ! and compel  
Thee quick to leave thy dwelling—hell !”

Einion, sickened and almost terrified by such an impious imprecation, now burst into the presence of the hag, who started as he entered, but immediately regained her composure. She received him with a scornful laugh, while her companion, the owl, uttered a hissing noise, and flapped its wings with redoubled energy.

“ And what brings the gloomy mountaineer to the witch’s den ?” asked the sibyl, as she fixed her small grey eyes on Einion’s features. “ Is it to restore some stray sheep to the fold—or to cure some cow of the ague—or, say, is it *not* to work some charm of revenge and destruction ?”

“ It is neither, dame ; but to seek aid for a suffering sister.”

“ Which aid I cannot give,” said the  
hag.

hag. "Behold thy sister's doom!" and she pointed to the waxen effigy, as it revolved and melted away before the fire. "What is doomed in heaven, I cannot alter on earth: so soon as that image is wasted away, thy sister's thread of life will be spun out."

“Accursed woman!” exclaimed Einion, as his dark eye glared in savage fury on the witch, his passion having entirely overcome all sense of terror or prudence; “remove that image, or——”

The hag laughed aloud, as she pointed her skinny finger at the enraged chieftain.—“Or *what?*” she shouted, when her laugh was done; “or you will stab me where I stand? Brave, brave soldier!” and again she laughed in derision at the anticipated threat.

“Infernal hag!” shouted Einion, “I will myself remove it,” and he strode towards the spot where it was placed.

“Touch it at your peril!” screamed the witch. “Lay but a finger on the charmed

charmed image, and eternal torments shall be your portion !”

Einion heeded her not, and had already put forth his hand to snatch the effigy, when the old woman, with an agility far beyond her years, sprang by him, and thrust it into the fire, where it was instantly and utterly consumed. The blaze which it occasioned cast a pale unearthly glare on the infuriated countenance of the witch ; and the sight was so horribly painful to Einion, that he instinctively and forcibly closed his eyes, as though some terrible fiend had crossed his view.

“ Ungracious man !” said the sibyl, in a low and even solemn tone, “ knowest thou, that by this thou hast hastened thy sister’s death ? Even now her dying groan strikes on my ear. Hush ! You may hear her knell ;” and Einion fancied that the sound of a passing bell was distinguishable above the roar of the river and the night wind.

“ Accursed

“Accursed sorceress! thou hast murdered my sister!” shouted the chieftain, as he drew his sword, and flourished it over the head of the weird woman; “and thou shalt pay the penalty of thy crime.”

Again did the withered woman laugh derisively at the boiling wrath of her visitor.—“Thou speakest truth, oh, learned man,” she said; “but it is not for this, nor is it *now*, that I shall suffer for my sin. Put up thy sword, and listen to me.” She came quite close to Einion, and said to him, in a low but distinct tone—“Knowest thou the deadly influence of the CHARMED WELL?”

Einion started, as if some horrible doom had been revealed to him; for well he knew, that if this deadly influence were exerted over him, no earthly effort of his could avert the evil consequences.

“Ay,” continued the sibyl, “ye may well start and shudder at the sound; but

but know, proud man, that from henceforth its black and putrid waters shall flow over thy destiny, till they have choked the healthy life-springs of thy heart. Hark ! even now the Spirit of the Well is chaunting thy doom." And Einion heard the following charm, or whatever it might be called, deliberately recited by the voice of some unseen person :—

“ In the deep and charmed fountain,  
The ivied ruin bubbling near,  
'Mid the high and pine-clad mountain,  
With its summit bare and drear ;  
This, this is the place,  
Where the last of his race,  
Shall pine and waste,  
To the grave shall haste ;  
But not till his heart  
Is withered and wasted ;  
And he of the smart  
Of life's torments hath tasted.  
And this is his doom ; and never again  
Shall his haughty heart be free from pain !”

The

The sword dropped out of the chieftain's nerveless hand; his brow was moistened with the cold and clammy dew of terror, and his swarthy cheek was blanched with horror. He felt that the evil eye had glared upon him, and that the potent spell had been pronounced against him. The atmosphere he breathed came to him "thick with foul fancies," for he knew that now on him misfortunes would come thick and fast, by flood and field, at home or abroad, sleeping or waking; and that fiendish and unwelcome guests would henceforth hold their revels about his bed and board. Even the small glimpses of happiness, which were occasionally presented to his view, would now be exchanged for wild and melancholy visions, for he was completely at the mercy of malignant fellow-mortals, leagued with more malignant spirits, the laws and limits of whose operations were totally undefinable. Einion felt all this, as he  
stood

stood in the presence of the terrible witch-woman; and with a cry of agony and horror, he rushed out of the hut, drew his bonnet closer over his brow, and sprang up the dingle-side, on his way towards **Caer Einion**.



## CHAP. III.

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— — — — — This is  
The last of all our mortal interviews !  
The wheels of time, worn on the road of age,  
Will lose their motion, ere we shall again  
Meet in the robes of flesh, which must ere that  
Change to a thousand shapes its varied dust.  
Yet still, dear maid, our souls inseparable,  
Shall walk together to eternity.

CHAMBERLAYNE'S *Love's Victory*.

DAY dawned in the east, before Einion Edwards reached the last ridge of hills which he had to pass on his way homewards ; and a thick mist, accompanied by a drizzling rain, enveloped the mountains, and would have rendered the road perilous to a person less acquainted with it than the chieftain. The feelings which he experienced, as he drew near  
the

the house, were gloomy and fearful. He had been nurtured too faithfully in a firm belief in all hereditary superstitions, not to place implicit credence in the predictions of witches, and not to feel most acutely a terrible consciousness of the unseen and malignant influence of the Charmed Well, which, like the Indian Obi, entails on such as are, to use the common terms, *put into it*, all the misery and misfortune that mortal can suffer. He saw not, in the calamities which he anticipated, the results of ignorance or error, to be averted by caution, nor the inflictions of heaven, to be borne with pious resignation. The spell of the evil one was upon him, and the laugh of his infernal agent, the terrible witch woman, still rang in his ear.

He climbed to the brow of the mountain, and endeavoured to obtain a view of his mansion in the plain below ; but the mist filled up the valley, and his  
eye

eye gazed only upon its cloud-like folds, as they were wafted along by the morning wind. He struck into a path which led to the house, and followed its meanderings, as it wound down the side of the mountain. Silence, the most deadly silence, reigned around him. Those glad sounds, which, even at all seasons, usher in the morn, broke not the horrid stillness; and the wind was so gentle, that it scarcely waved the feather in his bonnet; he shouted, and his voice returned to him again, thrown from rock to rock by the echo.

He sat down on the projecting ledge of a cliff, and wiped the perspiration from his brow; and then it was that he caught the first glimpse of his sad and lonely residence, as it stood in sombre solemnity amongst so many wild and frowning mountains. His heart beat quick as his eye rested on the window of the apartment where he knew Meirion was sleeping, if the cursed charm  
of

of the witch woman had not already closed her career; and, rising with a convulsive energy, he dashed down the mountain side, and approached the narrow defile, at the extremity of which *Caer Einion* was situated.

He entered the court-yard, and the same silence was there. *Blâinor* came not bounding to meet him, as that faithful animal was wont to do; neither did the dulcet voice of *Catty Reece* reach his ear, as it usually did before he entered his dwelling; for that blithesome damsel was uncontaminated by the gloom in which all and every thing beside were immersed; and she gave utterance to the gaiety of her young heart, in cheerful ditties, singing incessantly, as she followed her different avocations. The outer door was closed too, and so were all the windows; he pushed open the door, and *Blâinor* came crouching at his feet, as if *he* was conscious of the evil that had befallen his master. He  
walked

walked on into the apartment which he and his sister usually occupied, and from which he had departed the evening before; and the first object that he saw was Meirion, asleep, as it seemed to him, in the chair on which she sat. He advanced gently towards her, and then saw that her eye was glazed in death, and not closed in slumber: she was pale and cold—*so* cold, that Einion's hand thrilled as he touched her; but her features were unaltered, which proved that the final struggle had not been very agonizing. But there was something terrible even in the calmness of her dissolution; and Einion bent over the breathless corpse in speechless agony. The fullness of his desolation burst upon him; he was now alone in the world, and knew and felt that there was not a single being in existence who cared for him. Even his very servant, the object of his unsolicited bounty, had quitted his house, now that the angel of death had

entered it; and his friend Ellis Wynne had been slain in the wars. Had his sister been spared to him, he thought he could have borne up against the fiendish persecution to which he was now exposed; but alone, and uncheered by the companionship of any living person, he could not but feel, to its fullest extent, the desperate gloominess of his own dark and terrible imaginings.

Having recovered from his paroxysm of agony, he lifted the corpse from the chair, and placed it in its proper position on a rude couch, formed of the twisted branches of a young oak, and covered with a sheep-skin; he closed the eyes, and placing his cloak over the body, hastened to seek the assistance of two aged women, whose mournful occupation it was to prepare the dead for their admission into the dark and silent grave, and who, possessing some degree of kindred to each other, lived, and carried

ried on together their unpleasant partnership.

The callous feelings, and almost irreverent conduct, of those who are occupied in attending to the last sad offices, due to the remains of poor mortality, is a matter of notoriety even in these enlightened times. In the days of which we are writing, not only were such offices performed with indifference, but even with all the boisterous hilarity, derived from as much ale and spirits as these funereal attendants could contrive to consume; and their esteem of the deceased was accurately measured by the quantity of good cheer which distinguished his wake or burial. But this boisterous festivity did not end here. So soon as the corpse was covered from human eye, in the damp recesses of its final resting-place, those who had followed the coffin to the grave (it would be a contradiction in terms to call them *mourners*) were accustomed to repair to

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the

the nearest pot-house, or "public," and there regale themselves, with the laudable intention, doubtless, of drowning their sorrow, with ale, brandy, and gingerbread, to an extent seldom confined within the limits of decency or decorum; and as a funeral was frequently attended, not only by the kindred of the deceased, which, ramifying to a considerable extent, was exceedingly numerous, but also by all the "friends of the family," the company on such occasions was neither small nor very select, the riot and disturbance being, of course, in due proportion to the number of revelers\*.

## The

\* This custom is not yet quite extinct among the mountain wilds of Wales. In a fishing excursion, which I once made to Tal-y-Llyn, a beautiful lake, high among the hills, southward of Dolgelley, the party of which I was one, was actually dislodged from the little inn, by the lake side, by a company of the above description, which consisted of nearly thirty individuals, and absolutely filled every room in the house. The per-



The two ancient women whom Einion sought on the present occasion, were by no means remarkable for any deviation from the customary callosity of their class; on the contrary, it was usually remarked, that their long and constant officiation in the mournful duties to which they had voluntarily devoted themselves (for they had the best custom on the hill side), had totally deprived Modryb Megan and Modryb Betty, even of that slender portion of decent gravity and regard, which was occasionally displayed by some of the members of their profession. They resided in one of those miserable moun-

D 3

tain

son whose funeral was thus celebrated, was a small farmer in the neighbourhood; and although he was scarcely a degree above an English labourer, he had a collection of cousins, even to the sixteenth degree, so numerous, as to constitute a very imposing cavalcade. Of course, it would have been a sad reflection on their affectionate esteem, had they omitted to celebrate the departure of their kinsman in copious libations to the god of ale.

tain huts, which are continually obtruding themselves upon the sight, amid the secluded wilds of the principality, and in which the wholesome mountain air is seldom to be found in a state of purity. One apartment, extending the whole length of the building, constituted the sum total of its internal arrangements, and was made to answer the purpose of parlour, and kitchen, and chamber, and hall, to its wretched occupants. The floor, formed of dark clay, from the peat bog, was trodden down into sundry bumps and depressions; the latter affording ample room and convenience for the accumulation of all the superfluous moisture of the place, and supplying a never-failing source of unwholesome exhalation. In one corner was their bed, or rather the scanty substitute for such a luxury; for it consisted only of some straw and heath, covered with a dirty rug, such as our luxurious horse-jockeys would be ashamed to

to use in their stables; and at the opposite extremity of the hut, was a niche, which was occupied day and night by a fire of turf, and dried chips and leaves, keeping up an unceasing supply of smoke, which found its way out, by every outlet but the chimney, as that had been rendered useless long since, by a series of accidents which it is needless to detail.

It was in this filthy den, that these two beldames resided, in all the squalid wretchedness arising from the indolence natural to age, as well as from the poverty and miserable imbecility, necessarily induced by a pretty constant devotion to the ale-can. Brandy, except on the occasion of a burial, or some such festivity, seldom crossed their shrivelled lips; for the small portion of money which they received for their services, was barely sufficient to supply them with potatoes, oatmeal, and buttermilk, the common food of the Cambrian peasant;

sant; and they even stinted themselves of this, that they might occasionally exhilarate their flagging spirits with ale.

The facility with which they gained intelligence of death was remarkable; and, like the raven, they seemed to scent their prey afar off. Their hut was close to the side of the road, which was the only thoroughfare to Caernarvon; and as their profession was so well known, they usually received information of what had occurred, as well as of what was likely to occur, in the district, from some communicative passer by. On the present occasion, Catty Reece, in her terror at finding her mistress dead, had, as we have already hinted, immediately fled from the house; and as the hut of the old women lay in the road to her father's dwelling, she communicated the event to them; and long before Einion had come to them, they had canvassed the supposed profits of the wake, and all other matters there-  
unto

unto appertaining, and in which they were likely to be concerned, with all the interest and solemnity which the affair deserved.

“ ’Twill be but a poor business after all,” said Modryb Megan, after they had taken a view of the case in all its bearings. “ Proud as he is, he is as poor as we are.”

“ Indeed truth, Megan, *vach*, you wass say right. Poor as a beggar—proud as a prince. But we must bargain with him, Megan; he wass know nothing about such matters, and we shall make our own price.”

“ The divil have thee for a cunning one,” said the other, as she chuckled with glee at the sagacity of her colleague. “ It wass easier for a hare to loose itself from the tooth of the hungry hounds, than for man or woman to escape from thy greedy clutches.”

“ Ay, but Megan, *vach*, we must get bread, and not throw away our strength

for nothing. Divil have me, if I a'nt wasting like a weasel : we have had no wake these three weeks ; and this young creature is a God-send ; for nobody expected her to die yet."

" Have you seen Shonad of Cae Glâs of late ? She wass promise to work a spell or two for us ; but either she wass lose her cunning, or has forgot us."

" Hang her, old witch ! she will work *no* spell, unless she have all the incomes. If business is so dull, I'll turn witch myself."

" And sell your soul to the divil, Modyb Betty ?" said the other, with a screech, intended for a laugh. " Oh ho ! we'll have rare doings then !"

" We'll have better doings than we have now, Megan ; we can scarce get meal for our porridge ; and Shonad feasts like a lady ; and hasn't to handle cold corpses, or streek the dead like us. Od ! I'll put my fingers to her throat, witch as she is, if she cozen us this way."

" Name

“Name o’ God, Betty, *vach*, hold your tongue,” said Megan; and then dropping her voice, continued—“She may be at your elbow; e’en now, and she is a fearful woman to deal with. Hist!” and her voice became lower still, as her aged frame trembled with fear. “I hear some one coming.”

Betty directed her attention to the sound, and said—“It’s Einion, of Caer Einion. Now for a bonny bargain!” and both the old crones assumed such situations and employments, as suited with their calling. Megan occupied herself about a woollen shroud, and Betty, who was the elder of the two, was searching in an old box for a maiden’s pall, which she drew out, just as Einion opened the door.

Einion entered the hut, and started when he saw the manner in which its inmates were engaged.—“Has the report of the witch-woman’s malediction reached here?” he asked himself, as he

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gazed

gazed upon these sepulchral preparations.—“For whom do ye prepare those grave-clothes?” he asked of the hags, as he stood resting upon his staff, in the middle of the apartment.

“For a young and a dainty corpse,” answered Betty, as she plied her needle with increasing energy. “It may not be long before we shall do the like job for *you*.”

“And what dainty corpse is that, which is to be decked by such withered hands as yours?” again asked Einion, as he gazed with disgust on the squalid and filthy figures before him, utterly disregarding the latter part of Betty’s answer.

“*What* dainty corpse is it? Have you not left your only sister dead?”

“Ha!” exclaimed Einion. “How knew *ye* that Meirion was dead?”

“What matters it? Is she *not* dead? See! we have got ready her winding-sheet;” and the hag held up the shroud  
towards



towards Einion, who shuddered as he looked upon it.

“Then ye know my errand?” said the chieftain, wishing to be spared the necessity of any further communication with these squalid creatures.

“We do; but what shall we get for our service?”

“Inhuman hag! What do you require?”

“A bushel of meal, a gallon of brandy, and a crown a-day, till the burial is over,” answered Betty, with the precision and coolness of a veteran haggler.

“I have neither brandy nor money for you. But stay, take this chain,” and he drew his sister’s gift from his bosom. “It will be enough, and more than enough, to defray all charges. And listen to me. Do all that is necessary, but do not trouble *me* any more with your company!” So saying, Einion left the hut, and wended his way homewards.

“A *poor* business, you said it would be,

be, Modryb Betty," said Megan, as she handled the gold chain, and gloated upon it with admiration. " My goodness! it's the best business we've had this many a year."

" Ay; but what would it have been if *I* had not bargained for it? Eh! Modryb Megan?" And the hag chuckled, and skipped about the place, as she jingled the golden links in ecstasy.

" Well, well," returned the other, " you are a wise woman; and so let's to the work. Carry you the pall here, and I'll bear the shroud; and now for as blithe a burial as these old eyes have ever looked upon!" So saying, the two old women packed up their burden, and, with the happy prospect of a profitable job before them, trudged briskly along towards Caer Einion.

Having arrived there, they set about their task, with an alacrity and fervour which showed how well it comported with their feelings.

" Five

“Five good feet, and to spare,” said Betty, as she measured the corpse for its coffin. “It’s long since we’ve seen such a lengthened body. Poor thing! she is wasted sorely away!” And even this sensual and callous beldame felt some pity for the departed maiden.

By the fourth day every thing was ready for the burial. The old women had engaged the assistance of four stout peasants to carry the bier to the churchyard; and, by dint of persuasion and bribery, had succeeded in enlisting about half a dozen wild mountaineers, and as many equally wild women, to enact the part of mourners, and follow the corpse to the grave.

Einion had led so secluded a life, and was besides so morose and repulsive in his bearing towards the peasantry, that they bore towards him no great portion of good will; on the contrary, he was both hated and feared by them, and his presence always most assiduously shunned.

ned. It was no trifling task, therefore, on the part of the old women, to gather together the assemblage of ragged paupers which were to honour the funeral of the mountain maiden, by contributing their share to the obsequies. But the ingenuity and industry of the ancient delegates were mightily stimulated on the occasion, when they reflected, that their own credit was implicated in the matter; for, the more grand and imposing the funeral, the more considerable and distinguished would be their own honour and profit: this, therefore, will account for the exercise of what little industry they possessed, and for the success which attended their assiduity.

Early on the morning of the fourth day, the tribe of mourners was assembled in a tolerably orderly condition, in the principal apartment of the chieftain's mansion. The coffin, resting on a bier, and covered with a white pall, in token  
of

of the maidenly condition of its inmate, was placed in the middle of the room ; and on one side of it were ranged the mourners ; on the other, the two withered crones, Modryb Megan and Modryb Betty. They were speedily joined by the minister, who always accompanied the procession from the house of mourning to the churchyard. As soon as he had made his appearance, Modryb Megan, as the proxy of the nearest female relative, proceeded to deliver, *over the coffin*, some white bread, and some cheese, to the assembled attendants ; after which, Modryb Betty presented each with a cup of ale, which they drank in silence.

Just as this ceremony was concluded, Einion made his appearance in the hall, and he stared, with some degree of astonishment, at such an unexpected and scurvy-looking company. The minister now made the signal for devotion, and, while they all kneeled, he pronounced,

ced, over the coffin, a prayer, proving the superior happiness attending the removal of the spirit from a world of so much woe, to the realms of eternal peace and joy, and concluding with the Lord's Prayer. After this, the procession moved on its way, marshalled in all due order, by Megan and Betty, the minister leading the whole, and Einion following as chief mourner.

In the more civilized parts of Wales, it was the custom to chaunt funereal hymns during the progress of the cavalcade to the churchyard; and this part of the ceremony was usually performed by young maidens, whose sweet voices were well calculated to sooth the mourner's heart, by such simple but melancholy strains. On the present occasion, however, we regret to say, that no such embellishment was added to the funereal obsequies of Meirion Edwards. Twice, notwithstanding, did Modryb Megan and her ancient colleague lift up  
their

their voices in a dirge, which came quavering and shrill from their aged lips, more like the tremulous sounds elicited from a cracked fiddle, than the melody of the human voice; and the harmony thus volunteered, was left to die away in the mountain wind, with the sighing of which it discordantly mingled.

Having arrived at the churchyard, the remainder of the burial service was performed; the coffin was let down into the grave, and its inmate consigned to dust and ashes, while the damp mould rattled on its lid. The mourners were disbanded, and sought the nearest pot-house, to seek "shot," as it was termed, accompanied by the two officiating beldames, who were now about to reach the climax of their glory, by an unrestrained indulgence in boisterous revelry. Einion, gloomy in spirit, and dejected by the consciousness of the evil doom which hung over him, returned to his sequestered dwelling, now rendered

dered doubly desolate, by the eternal absence of the only being which made his existence tolerable.



## CHAP. IV.

Death distant? No, alas! he's ever with us,  
And shakes his dart at us in all our actings :  
He lurks within our cup, while we're in health ;  
Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines.  
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,  
But Death is by to seize us when he lists.

*The Spanish Father.*

CAER Einion has already been described as a gloomy and solitary mansion, situated high among the Snowdonian range of mountains, and amidst an assemblage of scenery, which had, for its prevailing character, a wild and stupendous grandeur. In a spot so secluded, and amidst scenery so rude and imposing, it was not likely that the sombre spirit of Einion Edwards, left, as he now was, to the undiverted indulgence of his own morbid

morbid feelings, should derive any cheering impulse, or become excited to shake off the withering spell, under the influence of which he now moved and breathed. On the contrary, the moroseness with which his manners were tinged before his sister's death, had now assumed a deeper cast, mingled too with a tinge of ferocity, which, like a torrent, pent up by a dike, gained daily additional strength, in consequence of the absence of any object upon whom it could be vented. *Caer Einion* was now without any domestic whatever, and the chieftain was compelled to administer to his own wants, assisted by no mortal hand beside. He shot the kid and the heath-cock on the mountain, and the hare in the thicket; he prepared the food thus obtained with his own hand, shook his rude couch, kindled his fire of turf and cord-wood, and found, from such occupations, some little relief from the dreadful thoughts with which his bosom

som was scorched. He wandered by day among the mighty mountains which rose into the blue heavens around him, and by night he paced the deserted chambers of his gloomy residence, with a burning brow and a strained eye, expecting the sudden appearance of some demon of darkness, to add to his torments, from the realms below. Then would he sink down on his couch, exhausted and almost fainting, to seek, in the temporary oblivion of a restless slumber, some respite from the unearthly tortures which were raging in his bosom.

It was the tenth evening after Meirion's funeral, that Einion, after a day of more than usual exertion among the mountains, had seated himself on an oaken bench, by the side of the turf fire, in the principal apartment at Caer Einion; and with his arms folded on his bosom, and his head reclining against the polished panel of the wainscot, his  
eye

eye seemed gazing on vacancy. The day had been stormy; and even there the wind moaned dismally among the rocks, bending with violence the few straggling pine-trees which were planted about the house. The fire had burnt the turf to redness, and it cast a dingy red glare on the rude furniture of the hall, which was reflected in a still darker hue on the polished oaken wainscot. One solitary light, supplied by a rush dipped in grease, and placed in a bracket over the fire-place, diffused its faint and sickly beams to a distance of only a few feet, and served rather to add to the surrounding gloom, than to subtract from it by its radiance. Blâinor lay crouched at his master's feet, on a mat formed of a sheep-skin; and ever and anon raised his head, and growled, as the fitful moaning of the blast passed over the dwelling, or the faint moon-beam gleamed on the floor.

The chieftain, resting his head on the  
table,

table, fell into a slumber; but how long he would have continued sleeping, it is not easy to tell. He awoke suddenly; Blâinor, with his teeth displayed in fierce defiance, was growling, as much in terror as in anger, and had fixed his flashing eye on the farthest, and consequently the darkest extremity of the apartment. Einion put his hand instinctively upon the pistol which he always carried in his belt. He looked in the direction to which Blâinor's agitation pointed, and saw, in the sickly moonlight, a dingy red figure, crouched into a dubious form, in the furthest corner of the hall.

The chieftain rose from his seat, and lighting a pine branch in the fire, advanced towards the figure, which sprang from its lair as Einion approached, and displayed, to his surprise and horror, the veritable form of Shonad of Cae Glâs. The torch dropped from the chieftain's hand, and lay burning on the stone floor,

casting a fitful light upon his own person, as well as upon that of his unwelcome visitor, who stood gazing upon him with an expression of fiendish exultation.

“Of what new misery art thou now the messenger?” asked Einion, as soon as his fearful surprise would allow him to speak—“art thou not satisfied with my sister’s death, but thou must torment me with thy hateful presence?”

“Blame not me, ungracious man,” said the sibyl, “for the evil that has fallen upon you. Had you not dared to interfere with the mysterious power of which I am only the humble agent, all might yet have been well with you. You provoked the doom which *I* could not prevent.”

“Thou liest, black-hearted hag!” exclaimed the chieftain, as his wrath gained the ascendancy over his terror; “’twas thine own dark work, and thou alone shalt answer it!”

“Ha,

“ Ha, ha !” laughed the witch, as she gazed undauntedly on the savage mien of the chieftain ; “ dost thou again put on that perilous boldness ? remember the CHARMED WELL ! I see, by thy sunken eye and haggard cheek, that the spell hath worked upon thee ; and well thou knowest that none but *me* can deliver thee from its power.”

“ And from that power thou shalt deliver me !” exclaimed Einion, as his dark eye flashed under the influence of his passion ; and drawing his sword, he advanced nearer to the weird woman, who did not observe the insane fury of her victim without some little alarm and trepidation. “ Release me from this fiendish thralldom,” he continued, “ or those grey hairs of thine shall be stained with thy blood.”

“ How now, sir Bully ?” said the witch, assuming a boldness which she really at that moment did not possess ; “ will you add the curse of a murderer

to your doom! For shame! How will you free yourself from the spell, if you murder me, who alone can deliver you from its curse?"

"Thou imp of the evil one!" shouted the chieftain, as he seized the hag by her shrivelled arm, while she crouched beneath his grasp; "then deliver me *now*! By a charm you bound me, and by a charm you shall unloose me."

"I will—but not now, nor in this place, Einion Edwards," said the hag, dropping her voice: "hast thou the courage again to visit me at midnight, in my lonely dwelling in the Dark Dingle?"

"I will meet thee at the gates of hell, an' thou wish it!" said the chieftain. "But why not now—even here?"

"It may not be—it cannot be," muttered the sibyl; "it must be done at midnight, and when the moon is at the full. To-morrow it will be so—say, wilt thou seek me *then*?"

"I will,"



“ I will,” answered Einion, as he relaxed his hold, and his tormentor stood unconfined before him.

“ Then thou shalt be free. But, stay—one boon I must have, or the spell will be wrought in vain: wilt thou grant it, Einion Edwards?”

“ Name it,” sullenly returned the chieftain.

“ These walls must not hear it; but thou must consent, ere I can undertake to free thee. Say, wilt thou grant this boon?”

“ How know I that I can?” answered Einion.

“ I will promise that it shall not be beyond thy power—more I must not say.”

“ I consent then.”

“ Be it so—remember to-morrow night, at twelve.”

She held up her shrivelled finger, as if to enforce her injunction; and before Einion could reply, had glided from the

house, and was conveyed to her dwelling in the Dark Dingle, it is supposed by some more active agency than that of her own cramped and aged limbs. For this, however, we will not positively avouch; but as this terrible witch-woman has been endued by tradition with divers supernatural qualities, procured, *of course*, by a compact with the evil one, it is but fair to conclude, that her journey homewards was in some manner expedited by the aid of her infernal master; more especially as it was in the night, and as the road which she had to travel was rough, rugged, and desolate.

It will be readily supposed, that sleep visited not the eyes of Einion Edwards any more that night. His mind was excited into frantic delirium by his strange interview with that fearful woman; and as he strode along the hall, in the dubious glow of the fire alight, he conjured up a thousand imaginary  
phantoms,

phantoms, now pointing at him in derisive exultation, now "mopping and mowing" at him, in malignant merriment. The form of his sister, too, appeared to him more than once, sitting in her accustomed seat, and with the same calm expression of uncomplaining resignation on her pale features. Twice he saw her in the same position, and exactly as he saw her last, before his first interview with the weird woman; the third time she glided along the hall, and waving her hand, as if to beckon him to follow, disappeared at the furthest extremity of the apartment, and he saw her no more.

He threw himself on the couch, from which he had risen on the entrance of the witch, and tried to close his eyes in slumber—But in vain: unearthly noises rang in his ear; and as he started up, gasping with horror, he saw forms of undefinable hideousness melting into the air, mocking him with their horrid

gestures, as they dissolved themselves into the element.

How grateful and how welcome was the first faint dawn of day to his disturbed and delirious brain ! He snatched up his gun, and rushing out into the air, was soon hidden from human eye, amidst the rocky recesses of the mountains. As evening drew near, he bent his steps homeward ; and welcoming, with a bounding heart, the gloom, as it gathered around him, looked forward, with moody joy, to the deliverance which awaited him.

The ninth hour had arrived, and he prepared for his visit to the witch's dwelling. His terror at her power was not unmingled with deep-rooted hatred, and an eager desire for revenge ; and, to guard against contingencies, he armed himself with a brace of pistols, and one of those short swords, which were formerly used in the chase, when the red-deer, and other large animals, were the  
object

object of pursuit. On his head he wore the plain polished steel cap which he had used in the wars ; and his dress was the same unadorned buff habit, which had served to distinguish him from his more gay and lively comrades. Thus accoutred, and with his hunting staff in his hand, he set out once more on a nightly excursion to the Dark Dingle.

He pursued the same rugged and desolate path, as he had traversed on the former occasion ; but the night, which was then unclement and stormy, was now calm as the sweet infant's slumber, and the wind lay pillowed on the light fleecy clouds, which sailed along the sky, " like pilgrims travelling to their shrine of rest." The moon, now nearly at the full, cast its mild radiance over the hills, and afforded sufficient light to guide the moody wanderer on his way.

Einion reached the commencement of the Dingle, and the roar of the river struck upon his ear, softened by the dis-

tance into a deep and soothing murmur. He caught a glimpse of its foaming waters, and was quickly on its brink, following the path, which, pursuing the sinuosities of the stream, led on to the witch's habitation. As he drew near, he saw the same red glow upon the water, and heard the same discordant sounds, as those which had greeted his first arrival at the hut. Fear formed now no part of his sensations ; he had been too keenly racked and tormented by shadowless spectres, to shrink from the sight, however terrible, of real and tangible forms ; besides, he had become, in some measure, accustomed to his miseries ; and well we know, that pain, whether mental or bodily, loses much of its poignancy by an unremitting continuance. He stopped not now to gaze first upon the fearful inmates of this unhallowed dwelling, but striking the door open with his staff, stood at once, and

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unannounced, in the presence of his persecutor.

To his surprise, he found her seated, in silent placidity, on a settle, at one end of the apartment, dressed in her customary red cloak, with a stick in her hand, and apparently waiting for his arrival, being herself quite prepared for an excursion. There was a fire in the centre of the room; but he could in no way account for the strange noises which had reached his ear.

The sibyl greeted him with a proverb—"The bold man's word is truer than steel. You are welcome once more to the witch's dwelling! How fares the night?" She rose as she spoke, and approached the window—"Ay! it's a brave night and a lovely—fair and fit for a ramble over hill and dale. Say, Einion of Caer Einion, are you ready and willing to bear me company?"

"Whither would you lead me?" asked Einion, as he reflected, with no

little

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great

great complacency, on an extension of his excursion. "I came not hither to tramp with you over the mountains—why cannot the charm be worked here?"

"Why cannot the dead come back to life? or the sun shine by night? or the moody spirit of the restless wanderer sink into the soft slumber of the smiling infant? Einion Edwards, seek not to know mysterious things. Art thou willing to trust to my guidance?"

"Go on then, and I will follow; but mark me, beldame, if you play me false, no power on earth, or in hell, shall save thee from my vengeance!"

The old woman took no notice of this threat; but throwing open the door of her dwelling, hobbled forth into the air, closely followed by Einion. She led the way up the dingle, in a direction opposite to that by which Einion had come, pursuing the course of the river, by a continuation of the path, which



which seemed to accompany the stream throughout its whole course, from its source in the lake on the mountain above, to its termination in the broad Atlantic below.

Not a word did she utter, as she strode along in the moonlight, sometimes ascending an abrupt hill, at others dipping down by a steep descent, into a gulley by the river's brink, and then struggling through tangled brushwood, with an activity far greater than could be expected from a being of her years.

She continued this course for about two miles, when, turning suddenly up the side of the dingle, she struck into another narrow path, which seemed to lead up into the mountains; but she had not gone far this way, before she again shaped her course in a direction parallel with the river, although now elevated considerably above it. The scenery now assumed a more wild and gloomy appearance. The opposite side  
of

of the dingle, which had here approximated very near to the one which they were traversing, rose up in bold and craggy rocks, in some parts covered only with lichen and a few straggling shrubs; in others, giving root to the mountain-ash and the gnarled oak; the latter spreading its branches over the foaming river below, in a variety of grotesque and contorted forms.

The same rugged boundary guarded the river on the side which our wanderers occupied; but as they pursued their way along the summit of this gigantic pile of rocks, its wild and stupendous formation was not perceptible to them, excepting at such times as the path they traversed wound so close to the brink of the precipice, as to bring to their view the dark abyss below, through which the flashing waters of the river fretted and foamed, as they rushed over their rocky and uneven bed. The path indeed came occasionally so close to the  
to brink.

brink, that Einion was obliged to catch hold of the brushwood to prevent him from falling; for one false step would have hurled him to a depth of several hundred feet below the spot where he stood.

Having passed some distance in this direction, the sibyl stood still, and pointing straight before her, asked her companion if he could see the ruins of a chapel, gleaming in the moonlight before them?

Einion answered in the affirmative.

"That, then," said his guide, "is the place of our destination; and there is the charmed well."

In a few minutes more they stood before the ruins of Caradoc's Chapel, on which the moon cast her pale light, while her beams fell through the broken arches, and dilapidated Gothic windows, in streams of checquered radiance.

This chapel had been erected by a prince named Caradoc, at the instiga-  
tion

tion of the monks of Bangor, to expiate some dreadful sin, the nature and exact enormity of which are now lost in oblivion. The building had never been extensive; but the pious fathers, who prompted its erection, took good care that it should want nothing in beauty, however much it might be deficient in magnitude. Why this rude spot should have been fixed upon as its scite, is more than we can explain: it is probable, however, that it might have served as a sort of luxurious penitentiary to the contumacious brotherhood, who, being banished from the monastery at Bangor, were doomed to wear out their existence at Caradoc's Chapel, with no other comfort and consolation than they were enabled to derive from the evanescent gratifications of the pasty and the pottle. Whatever might have been the cause of so strange a choice, it matters not; but it was before the picturesque ruins of this fast-decaying edifice that Shonad and her companion now stood.

The

The sibyl threw herself upon one of the fallen pillars, and looking to the right, along a broad glade which led up into the mountains, and through which the principal road to the chapel had been formed, gazed on the extensive scene which opened in this direction before her. The glade, the sward of which was as smooth almost as velvet, spread out till it expanded into a broad moor, which occupied the summit of a chain of hills, terminating eventually at the foot of Snowdon; so that the scene in this direction was unlimited in extent. Behind the chapel, which was placed on a rock immediately overhanging the river, was a thick grove of trees; through this a wide path had been cleared, which wound round the rock to the river below. It was in the centre of the grand aisle of the chapel that the charmed well was situated; and its bubbling waters had formed for themselves a small channel, through which they were conveyed to the river.

After

After the witch had gazed for some time towards Snowdon, she suddenly started up, and beckoning to Einion, led the way into the chapel, the area of which was almost choked up with weeds, affording a secure habitation to toads and other reptiles. A small basin, hollowed out in the floor, by the force only of the water, constituted the well, the black waters of which were constantly bubbling up from the earth, and dribbling over its brim.

"Einion Edwards," said the hag, as she placed her shrivelled hand on Einion's arm, "hast thou courage, think ye, to undergo this ceremony? Thou wilt see fearful forms, and hear strange sounds; but thou must neither quail nor blench."

"I *have* seen fearful forms, and heard strange sounds—stranger, or more fearful, I cannot see or hear again."

"Then thou art resolved?"

"Ay, even to the death!"

"Ha!

“Ha! ha!” shouted the sibyl. “Then, my boon!—my boon!”

“Name it; and if mortal man can grant it, thou shalt not ask in vain.”

“Ay—but if the deed be deadly!”

“I care not if it be framed in hell, and by thy infernal master! But speak, that I may know it.”

“Have you forgotten the dark-eyed youth, Reginald Trevor?”

Einion started, as if a sword had struck his vitals; for his enmity towards Reginald had never been quenched; and while his heart beat quick, he gasped for breath, as he muttered his reply. —“Have I forgotten *him*? No, no! But what has *he* to do with your boon?”

“He has done me wrong, Einion—deadly wrong; and I have no power over him. Thrice have I essayed his effigy, but it crackled into a chip before the fire, and melted not: thrice have I cast him into the well, and thrice has the bubbling water cast him out again.

again. He must be slain, Einion, ere this moon shall wane. Say, wilt *thou* do the deed?"

The chieftain gazed on his companion; but she wore a human form: he looked round the ruin, and it lay, in calm beauty, in the unshadowed moonlight. He was not dreaming, for he felt the pressure of the hag's bony fingers on his arm; and her fiendish voice still rung in his ear. Before he could collect his scattered thoughts sufficiently to reply, a far-off sound broke upon his ear.—“What noise is that?” he asked abruptly, as he put his hand to his sword. “By the bright moon above me, if thou hast betrayed me, I will have my vengeance!”

“What fear hast thou now,” returned the other, “that the sighing of the night wind, as it passes over the trees, should scare thee? Is this thy boasted bravery?”

“I hear it still,” said the chieftain;  
“and



“and it comes nearer!” He seized the hag by the arm.—“Tell me, *what* is it?”

“I hear nothing but the roar of the water, and the moaning of the night-wind,” answered the sibyl, and in a tone so collected, that whatever Einion’s suspicions might have been, they were considerably weakened by her composure. But, unfortunately for her, the sound came nearer and nearer, and Einion plainly distinguished the trampling of horses’ hoofs.—“Deceitful sorceress! thou hast betrayed me!” He seized her by the throat, and exclaimed—“If these are aught but friends, thy life shall answer it!” and, as he held her in one hand, he grasped his sword in the other, and suspended it over her head.

“Do not harm me, Einion,” murmured the hag, “and I’ll make you happy—happier than the happiest of mortals.”

“Detested witch! has it come to this with thee?” He had scarcely uttered the

the words, before a pistol-ball rang against his steel cap, and glanced off into the ruin. He looked round him, and saw a number of strange, uncouth forms, scrambling into the chapel. With one blow of his sword, he struck off the head of the detestable witch woman, and with a pistol in one hand, and his sword in the other, stood prepared to encounter this abrupt and suspicious interruption.

At first his confusion prevented him from discovering who and what the intruders were; but he soon ascertained that they constituted a troop of profligate marauders, formed of the scum of both England and Wales, and gaining their unhallowed subsistence by plunder and rapine. That their visit was any thing but pacific, the ball which had been levelled at him sufficiently proved; and, waiting for no other confirmation, but taking as deliberate an aim as he could at the nearest of the gang, he

sent

sent a ball so completely through his brain, that he fell instantly to the ground, bereft of life. Of course, this was but the signal for a general attack; and before Einion could fire another pistol, he too was stretched in death, on the cold floor of the chapel. Several balls had passed through his body; but his sword was found so firmly locked in his clenched hand, as to require the united strength of two men to disengage it.

The scene which now presented itself amid the ruin of the decaying chapel, was wildly terrific. The bodies of the slain lay weltering in their blood, and the moonbeams, as they fell upon the crimson stream, cast a livid glare on its smoking surface. The witch's head had rolled near the well, and the death-spasm had left the eyes wide open, so that they glistened horridly in the dubious light, while the straggling grey hairs of her head hung dabbled in blood.

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The bandit's body was scarcely stained with blood: a few drops had oozed out of the wound in his forehead, and trickled down his face; but in other respects, he was unaltered in appearance, so sudden and effectual had been Einion's aim. The wild and ferocious forms of the marauders added also very materially to the effect of the scene; and having kindled a fire of some dried brushwood, the flame, as it waved to and fro in the night wind, cast a flickering light on the persons and picturesque accoutrements of the banditti.

“ Their swarthy brows, by the despairing light,  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them.”

The fire, as it burnt up, threw a stronger light on the surrounding objects, and enabled the survivors to see more distinctly the features and forms of the dead. None but Shonad, Einion,

nion, and the bandit, had fallen victims to the onslaught; and the troop now discovered that Einion was not the person whom they at first expected him to be.

“How now?” said one of the men, as he gazed on the prostrate body of Einion Edwards. “We have missed our mark, after all. This scowling brow and brawny form were never borne by young Trevor, I’ll swear.”

“Young Trevor!” echoed another. “This dead savage is as much like young Trevor as I am.”

“This is Einion of Caer Einion,” said one of the troop, as he unclasped the chieftain’s steel cap, and held his head towards the fire; “I know him well, by his sunken eye and dauntless brow. With fair play, he would have been a match for any two of us.”

“Then that old harridan has cheated us,” said the first speaker. It is well for her that she lies senseless there; or,

as the devil was her master, she should have played the part of a fagot, and crackled in the night breeze. To lead us so far from our own green wood, to shoot such a worthless wretch as this! We shall not be a heifer the better for it, and have run the risk of raising the whole hill side about our ears into the bargain."

A number of horrid oaths and execrations followed this discovery; and if the curses of the living have any influence over the doom of the dead, the witch of the Dark Dingle had nothing to hope from the good will and affection of these disappointed freebooters.

In the hasty and tumultuous council which was formed, it was resolved that they should return back to Flintshire as soon as they could; and that the dead bodies should be disposed of, in the most summary and least troublesome manner. The remains of Einion Edwards and their comrade were deposited in a grave,

grave, hastily dug in the ruins with the swords of the freebooters, and covered with a few stones, to prevent the foxes and fitchets from effecting their dishu-  
mation, a process very easy of accom-  
plishment, on account of the shallow  
depth of their resting-place. Less trou-  
ble was taken with the headless corpse  
of the witch-woman; and *her* remains  
were consigned, with a curse, to the ri-  
ver, in which they immediately sank,  
as the waters boiled and bubbled over  
them. Having effected this, the free-  
booters mounted their horses, and set  
off for their haunts in Flintshire.

Thus perished the dark-minded Ei-  
nion and his malignant persecutrix. In  
these days of enlightened liberality and  
learning, it is difficult to believe the  
strange and supernatural influence  
which those who presumed to skill in  
witchcraft and demonology, were ena-  
bled to exercise over the minds and per-  
sons of their deluded victims. Yet

even now we know, that although the human body is happily freed from such infernal power, the spell of the weird woman may, in the secluded parts of this prosperous county, blight and wither the corn and the cattle of the thrifty farmer. There are many illusive phantasies in the human mind, of which we can never divest ourselves. Among some Catholics, a belief in the infallibility of the pope is one—among ourselves, a belief in supernatural power is another; and while we can adduce so many instances of well-accredited marvels, we must rest contented with the delusion.

The memory of the witch woman remained long behind her; but Einion Edwards was soon forgotten. The Dark Dingle still remains; but all that is left of the witch's dwelling, and of the ruined chapel, are a few loose stones, which once composed their masonry.



## CHAP. V.

What may I thinke of you, my fawlcō free?  
That, having hood, lines, buets, bels of mee,  
What may I deeme of thee, fayre fawlcō, now  
That neyther to my lure nor traine wilt bow;  
But this, that when my backe is turn'd and gon,  
Another gives thee foode to tyre upon.

TURBERVILLE'S *Address to a fickle and inconstant Dame.*

THE winter at length passed away, and spring beamed upon the earth with all its beauty. The snow, as it melted on the mountains, ran down their rugged sides in gullies, formed by a succession of such streams; and once more did the glad earth resume its verdant clothing, and burst forth into reviving fertility. As one of our ancient and noble bards has charmingly expressed it—

“ The season sweet that bud and bloom forth brings,  
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale ;  
The nightingale, with feather now she sings ;  
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.  
Summer is coming : every spray now springs :  
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;  
The buck in brake his winter-coat he flings ;  
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale ;  
The adder all her slough away she flings ;  
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;  
The busy bee, her honey now she mings ;  
Winter is wen, that was the flowers bale ;  
And thus we see, among these pleasant things,  
Each care decays.”

No sooner had nature assumed this cheering appearance, than Reginald prepared for his journey to England ; his purpose being to proceed forthwith to the capital, and there to adopt such measures as were most likely to lead to the discovery of the baron and Isabel. His original intention, as we have already intimated, was to have gone without any other companion than his faithful Evan ; but the earnest supplication  
of

of his revered tutor, that *he* too might make one of the party, could not be rejected by Reginald, who, indeed, had no great objection to this addition, as he well knew that his preceptor was of too indolent a disposition, to interfere, in any material degree, with his movements in the metropolis, while, at the same time, he would afford him all the advantages and pleasures of companionship.

But, it may be asked, how was it, then, that so indolent and placid a personage as we know Mr. Jones to have been, should have sought the toil and peril of so long a journey, and become, as it were, a voluntary exile, for a time at least, from a domicile where he enjoyed every comfort under heaven? The fact is, and, as faithful historians, we are bound to speak the truth, Mr. Pendragon Jones was a mortal man, and like all other mortal men, he was very far from being infallible.

He felt conscious, good man as he

was, that he had exerted all his energies in the cause of his rightful sovereign, since whose accession to the throne the worthy preceptor's mind had been mightily mystified, by sundry visions of mitres, lawn sleeves, venerable wigs, and so forth. He had another claim, also, on the favour and protection of his sovereign, and that was a most rancorous enmity towards the Presbyterians, Papists, Anabaptists, and all those sectarians, which were included under the comprehensive word — Nonconformists. His opinions on this subject he had strung together, in a treatise, the manuscript of which he determined to carry with him to London, and give it at once to the world; and he looked forward, with the utmost complacency and delight, to at least some snug deanery, as a reward for his loyalty and learning.

Our travellers left the castle, in a style somewhat different to that which a young nobleman of the present day, and  
his

his tutor, would delight to display. Reginald was mounted on the same black horse, and dressed in the same plain green habit, which distinguished him among the competitors of the quintain; and his reverend companion bestrode a bay galloway, broad-backed as its rider, and as devoid of mettle; while Evan rode a strong active roadster, and brought up the rear. Each carried a brace of pistols at his saddle-bow—for these were not times, when the clerical character could be maintained in all its peaceable purity; and Reginald and Evan wore suspended to a wide belt of black leather, a small hunting sword; for although they had nothing to fear in Merionethshire, they well knew that the borders were infested with a powerful band of profligate marauders.

Since the war, Reginald had not been farther into the country than Dolgelley, and he was rejoiced to see how effectually the industry of the peasantry had

repaired the damage which had been done. The rich meadow land, which flanks the river Avon in its course through the valley in which the town is situated, had been rendered available to cultivation, and gave fair promise of a goodly crop.

The peasants whom they casually encountered looked cheerful and happy, instead of gloomy and dejected; and the rustic matron, as she stood at her cottage door, surrounded by her children, gazed not with a suspicious fear at the travellers, but greeted them with a smile, a curtsey, and a welcome—"Good day to ye!"

Reginald's young heart expanded in joy at these happy scenes, and he blessed God that peace and gladness had once more succeeded bloodshed and slaughter, and that the people could now rest unscared by the demons of civil discord.

They slept the first night at Corwen, and reached Shrewsbury towards the evening

evening of the next day. Here a new scene broke upon the view of our hero. He had never been so far before; and the antique buildings of this fine old town, its beautiful Gothic churches, the fine river by which it is nearly surrounded, and the massive bridge (with its guarded gate and tower) by which that river is crossed on the west or Welsh side, were novelties which did not fail to strike him with unfeigned admiration, which was yet further increased when he observed the extent and comparative splendour of the Talbot inn, which, although then by no means so superb a house as it is now, was nevertheless far superior to any inn which Reginald had ever seen in Wales. Here they determined to pass the night, and to proceed early the following morning towards Birmingham.

Reginald was much amused at the manifestations of loyalty which every where met his view, and sounded in his

ear. These were occasionally so clumsily managed, that it was very evident that the same acclamations of gladness and rejoicing had, but a year or two before, been showered upon the head of the usurper Cromwell; and in more than one place, the hard and vulgar features of the departed despot had been decorated with the flowing wig of the king, surmounted by the regal crown.

Like the sign of the innkeeper at Islington, immortalized by Goldsmith, the same portrait would be sufficient to represent a dozen dynasties, provided the painter's skill could alter and adapt its investments. Mine host of the Talbot himself, who, during the existence of Cromwell's power, had been one of the most notorious and noisy of his adulators, had now transferred all his goodwill and commendation to king Charles; and to every new comer to his hostelry, did he ring the changes of his eloquence in the monarch's praise.—“I'll be sworn, sirs,”



sirs," said he to our travellers, after he had received their commands with all due civility—"I'll be sworn now you are good king's-men and true, journeying to London, it may be, to see the coronation. Ah, sirs, these are happy times again for old England. Such a brave, gallant, generous king! long may he reign, God bless him!"

This gratuitous address conveyed information to our travellers, of which they resolved to avail themselves. We allude to the approaching coronation of king Charles, of which, in their seclusion, they had heard nothing but imperfect and vague rumours. Reginald asked, therefore, when the ceremony was about to take place, and was answered, next week.

To save the trouble of any lengthened verbal detail, mine host put into Reginald's hand, the "*Mercurius Melancholium*, or, *Newes from Westminster*," a loyal journal of the day, in which a whole

whole account of the splendid preparations for this august ceremony was elaborately set forth. Reginald perused the magnificent detail with interest ; for, independently of the amusement which it promised as a mere pageant, it excited his feelings to the utmost, to find that a monarch in whose cause he had been so warmly engaged, was so enthusiastically welcomed by his subjects, and that he was about to commence his reign by so splendid a display of the love and admiration of his people. There was another cause of gratification also, which led Reginald to hope, that it might ultimately lead to the attainment of the important object of his journey. This was the repeated mention of the earl of Montresor, as a person deep in the confidence and regard of the king.

From the papers which fell into our hero's hand, at the death of the outlaw Madoc, were the two letters which that individual had purloined from Pierce Plunkett ;

Plunkett; and although he was perfectly aware that their injunctions had not been complied with, because Madoc himself had counteracted them, yet he hoped that the earl might have been more fortunate than himself, in discovering the retreat of the fugitives. It was with the greatest anxiety and impatience, therefore, that he looked forward to the termination of his journey, by his arrival at the scene of all these forthcoming festivities. It was now the sixteenth of April, and the coronation was fixed for the twenty-third, that day being dedicated to the patron saint of England.

That they might lose but as little time as possible, they journeyed early in the morning, and only tarried on their way as long as was barely sufficient to rest themselves and their horses; and so feverishly anxious was Reginald, that the fine and rich country through which he passed, scarcely called forth his admiration, although the wealth and plenty  
which

which spread in every direction around him, must have presented a strange contrast to the rude and rugged mountains of his native land.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after they quitted Shrewsbury, they came in sight of the smoke and spires of the great city; and shortly afterwards reached Tyburn, when they proceeded along a fine broad road, open on the one side to Kilburn and Hampstead, and bounded on the other by an extensive space, occupied only in spots by buildings, among which Burlington House, and one or two of the other noble mansions, now situated on the north side of Piccadilly, were conspicuous, as much by the superiority of their architectural advantages, as by their extensive and magnificent pleasure-grounds. The splendid pinnacles of Westminster Abbey were seen in relief against the blue sky in the back-ground, as was also the fine tower of St. Martin's in the Fields,  
then

then only separated from the river by a straggling assemblage of low houses, forming a street, called the Strand.

Our travellers rode on till they came to the Old Bourne, where the bustle and business of the capital might be said to begin; and passing slowly along, they were now fairly involved in the mighty maze of the metropolis. Now it was also that the clustering spires of the great city, with the stupendous dome of its towering cathedral, burst upon their sight; and the Babel of noises which rose in every direction around them, created something like a feeling of dread in the minds of our unsophisticated strangers.

As they pursued their progress along the wretched metropolitan pavement, threading, as it were, the apparently impervious mass of coaches, carts, and other obstacles, in the midst of cries and yells, and most discordant screamings, Reginald felt himself bewildered, and not  
a little

a little puzzled in making his way amongst the crowd and confusion by which he was surrounded. At length, however, he espied what promised them a secure resting-place and domicile during their stay in London. A large gilded bell, suspended from an iron bracket, projecting from the pointed front of a large house on the north side of the street, intimated that they had arrived at the noted hostelry of the Bell, in Old Bourne, or Holborn; and, glad to escape from the bustle around them, they rode gaily into the court-yard of the inn.

Mine host, a fat, round, smiling-faced Boniface, with a promptitude and attention which our modern tavern-keepers would account infinitely beneath their dignity, was at our hero's horse's head in an instant; and, with a white napkin tucked under his arm, did not deem it derogatory to his consequence to attend thus civilly to his guests; although

though he was a wealthy man, and had received no trifling encouragement to aspire to high civic honours.

Having assisted the worthy tutor to alight, he gave the horses in charge to the hostler, and ushered our travellers into the house. Here they found themselves in a long low-roofed room, with an oaken wainscot and floor, down each side of which were ranged small tables, in their disposition and appearance not unlike those with which some of our modern minor taverns or wine-houses are furnished, as, for example, the Cider Cellar, or the Shades. To the latter of these, indeed, it bore a considerable resemblance; save and except, that it was up stairs, and lighted, in the day, by a large bay-window, and at night by a huge chandelier, depending from the centre of the ceiling, and casting a flaming flickering light on all and every thing beneath it.

“What will your worshipful honours  
please

please to have?" asked he of the Bell, as he seated his guests at a vacant table; "we have some prime forest venison, just from the spit, some choice cignets, lamb, matchless in flavour and feeding. Or what say you, sirs, to a delicate venison pasty, with some broiled sturgeon? Then we have some excellent sherry, fine canary, and claret, which I'll match against any in the cellar of the worshipful company of vintners."

Mr. Jones ordered the dinner, and away scuffled mine host to get it ready.

In less than an hour the table was covered with a variety of viands, that would have excited the wrath and vexation of a modern landlord, who would have deeply deprecated such absurd extravagance. A neck of fine, fat, forest venison, decorated the end occupied by the reverend tutor, while a huge fragment of sturgeon smoked at the other. A quarter of lamb, some capons, and a cold pasty, filled up the vacant spaces, which



which were yet more closely occupied by flasks of different wines, and a superb silver tankard of humming ale.

In the mean time, the hostelry began to fill apace—lawyers and scriveners, from the neighbouring inns of court, young springalds from the city, idle bachelors about town, and some few yeomen from the country, composed the assemblage, and occupied every table, giving full and constant employment to mine host and his assistants. The evening drew near, and the huge chandelier was put into requisition, casting a glaring yellow light upon the busy guests. Wine, upon which there was then no exorbitant duty, was quaffed like water; and in proportion to the quantity consumed, was the increase of noise and loquacity. The hilarity, in truth, arrived at such a height, that some one or two young roisterers gave vent to their merriment, in the singing, or rather, in the shouting of madrigals,  
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to the great annoyance of the more sedate part of the assemblage, and to the infinite amusement of our hero, to whom the whole scene was as interesting as it was novel and exciting.

In the course of the evening, the noisiest and merriest of the revellers, having worn themselves out, retired from the room, and left only those who, now that they were undisturbed, commenced a quiet conversation on subjects of various import. The approaching coronation, which was to take place on the third day from the present, was the principal topic with most of them; and as the attendance of those noblemen who were commanded to grace the ceremony was considered as a ratification of the king's pardon and good-will on the one hand, and as a complete token of their submission to his authority on the other, the anticipated conduct of the most eminent of the nobility engrossed a considerable portion of the gossip of the  
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the day, as well as of the chat of the common room, at the Bell Inn in Holborn.

Reginald listened with interest to the dialogue of a trio of lawyers, who sat at a table not so far from the one which he occupied as to be removed beyond his hearing, and whose conversation turned partly upon the subject just mentioned. The authoritative tone in which two of them spoke, together with their very respectable and sedate appearance, stamped, in the opinion of our hero, indubitable veracity on all that they uttered; for he had not yet been long enough in London to know, that of all mundane authority, that of a tavern party is the least worthy of credit, always excepting that set forth by those veracious chronicles, the newspapers.

“ I tell thee, Peter Pennefeather,” said the oldest and loudest of the speakers, in reply to some observation from the aforesaid Peter, “ I tell thee,  
it

it cannot be. Body o' me, man! think-est thou that our most gracious king—God bless him!—will make any addition to that noble act of indemnity or pardon, which he caused to be framed for the special protection of such of our magnates as have been esteemed most worthy of his royal clemency? It would be a very perilous precedent, believe me, friend Peter.”

“ Precedent!” echoed the other. “ What cares *he* for precedent, or the guider of his right hand, my lord Clarendon? Besides, precedent is already in favour of it. See 1 Hen. VII. cap. 2; and again 2 Hen. VII. cap. 15; and it is *my* opinion, that if a general pardon is not forthwith granted to such of our republican nobles as remain undisposed of, we shall have unquiet times yet.”

“ Tut! Not we. For my part, I wish a few more of these turbulent swaggerers had been knocked on the head :

head : they cannot be of much use to the community, now that their estates are confiscated."

" You are right there, master Duncombe," said the third, who had not yet ventured upon a remark ; and even now his voice was as gentle and as soft as the sighing of the summer breeze. " I quite agree with you on *that* point ;" and he was again silent.

" Agree with me !" roared master Duncombe. " Every man of sense and judgment will do the same. Now here is a case in point, that will prove how requisite a greater degree of severity would be. That old puritanical Welsh fox, lord Abermaw, has made his escape out of the country, and is now actively employed in raising men and stores in France. It is rumoured that he means to join the corsairs at Algiers ; and we all know, that he was engaged in the insurrection of the fifth-monarchy men, under Vernet."

Reginald fairly started from his seat at this intelligence, and would have burst upon the speaker, with an energy demanded by the occasion, had not Mr. Jones prevented him, and persuaded him to listen calmly to the sequel.

“ And you believe such a report, master Duncombe !” said Peter Pennefeather, in a tone of surprise at the credulity of his companion. “ I know, that at this very moment, lord Abermaw is a prisoner in the Tower. I had the information from a client of mine, who is a yeoman of the guard there.”

“ Client or no client,” returned the other, “ he is wrong. “ Is there not now a reward offered for his caption ? and is it not well known that my lord Montresor has sent messengers in every direction to seek him ?”

“ One of these messengers I myself have seen,” said the quiet personage, in a deliberate tone, and then relapsed into silence,

silence, his remark being unnoticed by his companions.

“ Ay,” said Peter, “ very true. But who is to know my lord Montresor’s motive? Some say he wants to procure a pardon for the old rebel, because a son, or some favoured minion of his, has fallen in love with the baron’s daughter; but this, even with all *his* influence, has not yet been granted.”

“ Granted!” echoed master Duncombe. “ God forbid it should be! for I do not mind saying, that this same baron of Abermaw is the most blood-thirsty traitor that ever breathed a wish against his king.”

“ It is false!” exclaimed Reginald, as he burst from the control of his pacific preceptor, and sprang before the astonished trio, unable any longer to listen to such vituperation of his patron. “ It is false, sir! and you know it to be so. Shame upon the man, who can wish such evil to a fallen enemy!”

“How now, master Swash-buckler?” said master Duncombe, cowed somewhat, notwithstanding, at the fierce mien of our hero—“dost thou insult me over the wine-cup? By saint Andrew, things are come to a pretty pass, if we are to be bearded thus! Ho! host there!—master Fillflask, I say!” and with all the promptitude of which his obesity was capable, “mine host” answered the summons.

“How long hast thou turned thy tavern into a brawling-house, good Francis?” continued the lawyer, addressing the smiling landlord. “This hot-blooded youth has taken upon himself the office of monitor, and comes here, cudgel in hand, to correct us grey-beards. It was not wont to be so, good Francis.”

“And never will, I trust,” replied mine host. “Sure this gentle youth,” continued Francis, wishing, with all the laudable ingenuity of a landlord, to conciliate



ciliate both parties, "could say nothing to affront my honoured patron, counsellor David Duncombe? Think of his young blood, master Duncombe!" said Francis, in an under tone, to the lawyer—"think of that, good sir, and make allowance:" then addressing Reginald in the same tone—"Urge his honour no more; he is old and touchy." And our hero, now that the ebullition of his wrath was over, saw at once the folly of his intemperate rage.

"I meant not to insult you, sir," he said, addressing the counsellor; "but knowing—I mean to say—having known something of the baron's family, I could not bear to hear his character abused. You will, I trust, excuse me, sir?"

"I will, young man; but thou must govern that hot temper of thine more freely, else thou wilt run thy pate against every post in the town here." While the lawyer was saying this, he was putting on his cloak, and, followed

by his companions, left the tavern, uttering, as he went, some indistinct and petulant mutterings, indicative, as our hero thought, of his insulted dignity.

Reginald now found, that he and Mr. Jones were the only persons in the room; and as the indices of the huge wooden clock were fast approaching towards nine, he retired to his chamber, in the solitude of which he found ample opportunity to ponder upon the intelligence which he had just heard.

Of its truth, he did not know what to think; yet there were some circumstances, of which he himself was aware, which corroborated the relation. He knew that the earl of Montresor was anxious to gain possession of the noble fugitive; but he could not think that his own beloved Isabel was implicated at all in the earl's anxiety on the occasion. That the baron would be an object of hatred, and, it might be, of vengeance, to the king's friends, he well knew;

knew; but as so many more active individuals had been pardoned, he could not see why the same indulgence should be withheld from his patron, particularly if the earl of Montresor's interest was exerted in his behalf. He thought, too, unsophisticated simpleton that he was! that his own services in the cause of loyalty might be of some effect in extenuating the political defalcation of his noble kinsman. But he had yet to learn, that the gratitude of princes is not always either measured out in a just proportion, or extended towards those who have most duly deserved it.

We have before intimated, that Reginald hoped to learn from the earl of Montresor, some tidings of his patron's destination; and it was his intention to have made himself known to that nobleman, and to have craved from him the information which he required. But now he felt a great aversion to any such measure, which aversion arose from an

antipathy which he had imbibed towards the earl ; for, if what master Peter Pennefeather said was true, it was very probable, that Isabel's compliance with the earl's measures, as regarded her marriage with the individual whom *he* had selected for her, would be made the price of her father's pardon. And this was an event, which our hero could not even imagine probable, without much pain and misery.—“Perhaps,” he thought, “Isabel may not be averse to such a match ; for she would then be one of the brightest stars of the most brilliant court in Europe ; and she would soon learn to despise a humble being like himself—the dependant on her father's bounty—the unfeeling wretch who drove her and her aged father from their home and their country.” Then it was that the magnitude of the sacrifice he himself had made in behalf of his king, burst upon him in all its bitterness ; and he resolved, should his suspicions,

pitions with regard to Isabel be confirmed, to leave Britain for ever, and seek an honourable grave in some foreign and far-distant land. But he would see her first, and hear from her own mouth, the sentence which would either award him immeasurable bliss, or doom him to perpetual exile; and he tossed himself upon the bed, determined to sally forth at an early hour the next morning, like a knight-errant of old, in search of his lost and wandering mistress.

His plan was to proceed forthwith to the earl of Montresor's residence, at Charing-Cross, and there seek an audience of his lordship. Should he fail in this, he should trust to chance for a favourable termination of his search. But an event occurred, which prevented for awhile his interview with the earl of Montresor, in a manner not very agreeable to our hero's feelings, and by a

mode upon which he had not in any degree calculated. What this event was, we must now proceed to relate.

## CHAP. VI.

This then is England's monarch ! these the men  
Who placed that monarch firmly on the throne  
Of his poor martyred father ! What a look  
Of winning majesty beams from his eyes !  
And with what joy do England's gallant peers  
Flock to do homage to their sovereign lord,  
Shouting in ecstasy—" This is a king !"

*The Coronation.*

AFTER a night of restless slumber, Reginald left his bed, and prepared to set forth on his " voyage of discovery." A bright sun illumined the antique buildings of the capital with his beams, diffusing a spirit of gladness and joy over the busy groups of passengers in the streets ; and Reginald, as the cool morning breeze fanned his feverish brow, felt refreshed and inspirited, as, with a

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beating heart, and a hurried pace, he wended his way towards Westminster. So entirely did the important object of his excursion engross his attention, that the bustling novelty of the scene in which he now mingled, did not at first attract his notice; and the multitude of gay folks from the city, arrayed in all the holiday glory of civic finery, which continually jostled by him, provoked only his spleen, as they hurried by him, unceremoniously pushing him either to the right or the left, as best suited their convenience.

To one unaccustomed as he was to the crowded streets of a large town, the situation of our hero was any thing but agreeable, more especially when we take into consideration the irritability of mind under which he was now suffering. His dress and gait proclaimed to every body his inexperienced rusticity; and many a self-sufficient wag, who had escaped for the day from the  
drudgery



drudgery of the shopboard, passed his impertinent jest as he went by, designating the young loyalist as Master Clodpole, Master Poppinjay, with other appellations invented by the ready ingenuity of buffoon wit.

We all know, that a constant succession of the same incidents, however trifling they may be in themselves, *will* force themselves upon our attention, in the same way that water, dropping from a rock, will form for itself a basin in the solid stone beneath, not by the force, but by the frequency of its falling—" *Non vi, sed sæpe cadando.*" So was it with our hero: the noise, and bustle, and activity, and gaiety, by which he was surrounded, and which, at any other time, would have sadly bewildered him, failed at first to make any particular impression upon him; but the continual jostlings and bumpings with which his progress through the Strand was so profusely greeted;  
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the incessant repetition of—"Stand away, young sir, and let this fair maiden pass!"—"How now, young Green-coat, must thee have *all* the path to thyself?" with similar exclamations, induced Reginald to forego his reflections, and bestow more attention to the passing scene.

He now observed, that all, or nearly all the people, were hurrying in one direction, that, namely, in which he himself was going; and the gay attire of the females, the smart and variegated doublets of the young men, with the glee depicted on the countenances of all, gave token, he thought, of some unusual occurrence. What this could be, he could, of course, form no conception; but, drawing his sword closer to his side, he mingled more intimately with the crowd, and followed the stream in its progress towards Whitehall.

Here a spectacle, as magnificent as it was unexpected, burst upon his sight:  
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the king held a court, preparatory to his coronation ; and all the rank, beauty, and wealth of the kingdom, were preparing to do homage to the young monarch. The area opposite Whitehall was filled with people, with the exception of a space of sufficient magnitude in the centre to admit of the passage of the carriages ; and on each side of the space so reserved, was drawn up in array the king's own regiment of horse-guards—a novelty introduced by Charles the year before, in imitation of the practice in France, and other continental states, his predecessors having no other guards than the gentlemen-pensioners, established by Henry the Seventh.

A long string of the cumbersome vehicles of the seventeenth century, rolled heavily along towards the palace, conveying the choicest flowers of England's beauty to the feet of one of the most gallant and handsome of her princes. Intermixed with these, were parties

parties of cavaliers on horseback, habited in the fantastic gaiety of the day; and vying with each other in the splendour of their own dress, as well as in the housings of their horses, some of which were very superbly caparisoned. Music sounded through the air, in all the grandeur of martial melody; and the braying of the trumpet, mingled with the clashing of cymbals, and the roll of the kettle-drum, caused the mettled chargers to plunge and rear, to the infinite delight of their gallant riders, and to the no small trepidation and alarm of the nearest female spectators.

In truth, it was a noble sight; and Reginald, as he gazed with a sparkling eye upon the pageant, could not but exult at the feeling, that he, obscure and unknown as he then stood among the crowd, had contributed in some degree towards the enthronement of his king, as well as to the preservation of

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the ancient and honourable nobility of his country.

By a degree of persevering activity, our hero had reached the inner row of the crowd, and drawing himself to a stand, placed himself by the side of a good-natured man, of dimensions somewhat extensive, who, with his spouse, equally plump and amiable, and a buxom daughter, had been fixed in that same spot (so he afterwards told Reginald) since eight o'clock in the morning, for it was expected that his majesty would shew himself to the people from one of the windows of the banqueting-house; and five times as long would Job Jolli-man have stood, to have caught but one glance of his gracious countenance. From this casual introduction to Job, our hero derived all necessary information relative to the show. He had been a butler in a noble family, and had now retired to the hostelry of the Black Bull, in Saint Martin's-lane, where he carried  
on

on the calling of a vintner, levying the usual contributions on the purses of his majesty's lieges.

Reginald speedily ingratiated himself into the favour of this crummy couple, by offering his arm to their smirking daughter, whose name, the mother informed him, was Margaretta Patience; for she too had spent the spring-tide of her youth in the mansions of the great and the wealthy, and had imbibed a supreme degree of reverence for euphonous names. With Margaretta Patience Jolliman by his side, then, our hero gazed on the passing show, with all the interest which its novelty and splendour created; and wished, more than once, that he and his beloved Isabel had been included, as they well deserved to be, among the high-born and high-bred courtiers who passed in array before him.

Every nobleman's equipage was known to master Jolliman; and such as exhibited

bited any superiority over the others, were described with all due minuteness, for Reginald's edification. — "Here comes general Monk!" shouted our vintner, with a voice louder than he had used in any other announcement; and Reginald looked up to see a man, of whose valour and sagacity he had heard so much. He was on horseback, in the uniform of a general, and decorated with no other adventitious ornament, except the star and ribbon of the garter.

Reginald's first glance disappointed him, for he could not descry, in the plain, and rather coarse features of the diminutive individual before him, any marks of that superior skill and bravery which Monk undoubtedly possessed. As he came closer to him, he had a better view of his features, and then he saw more clearly the flash of that fiery eye, which evinced the untameable, bold, and unbending spirit which glowed within.

within. His staff consisted of some of his veteran companions in arms, with a few dashing young cavaliers—scions of noble families, and destined for the defence of England's liberties. He was received with loud acclamations by the populace, which he acknowledged, by inclining his head, in a manner that plainly evinced the roughness of the soldier, and, it might be, the irksomeness of paying court to the fickle, many-headed multitude: at all events, it is very certain, that there was no appearance whatever of that fulsome adulation, which characterizes the urbane deportment of the thorough-paced hunter of popularity.

Immediately after Monk came the earl of Sandwich, one of the bravest of England's admirals; and then followed a nameless train of cavaliers. Reginald was amused to find amongst the equestrians, an occasional fair damsel or two, attached, of course, to her father's party, and



and attended by some fond and faithful swain; this, while it added very much to the variety of the scene, imparted also to it an air of chivalrous interest.

A party, equal in extent to any that had passed by, was now seen approaching; and master Jolliman discovered that it was the earl of Montresor's. Our hero's heart beat quicker, while he drew his breath with less freedom, as he turned his eyes towards the advancing cavalcade; and he actually uttered an exclamation of surprise, when the fine and venerable form of the earl met his view. It was so like—so very like the baron's; there were the same dark eyes, the same open brow, the same upright bold carriage; but there was no gloom, no austerity about the earl. On the contrary, his dark eye flashed with exultation and joy, as he gazed upon the shouting multitude, and waved his hand, in token of his high sense of their esteem. There was a female in his train. Could it be  
Isabel?

Isabel? The thought flashed like lightning across Reginald's brain; and regardless of his fair companion, he quitted her, that he might gain a better view of the damsel.—“*It is she!*” he exclaimed, as he caught a glimpse of a face smiling with delight. But the next moment he was undeceived; for she was too fair—much too fair, to match with the dark-eyed Isabel. Yet there was an interest in this maiden's appearance for which Reginald could not account, excepting it arose from her connexion with the earl, whose daughter she evidently was. But who was that handsome youth, upon whom she ever and anon smiled with so much gaiety, and who, riding by her side, attended her with such assiduous devotion? It cannot be her brother. His manner is too distant and respectful for *that*. It is—it *must* be the minion who is to be wedded to Isabel!

Reginald's heart seemed almost bursting

ing with emotion, as he gazed on this suspected rival; and long after the party had passed on, he continued looking after the youthful Lionel, who, unconscious that he was an object of such marked and painful attention to any one, rode gallantly forward by the side of the lady Matilda.

Our hero now bethought himself that it was time to return to his civil and good-natured interpreter; but he missed his way, and could not see his late companions any where among the crowd. This vexed him, because he found in their society—humble as in truth it was—a sociality that removed from him the vague and awkward feeling, which he experienced as a total stranger; and, besides, he now felt that some sort of an apology was due to mistress Margaretta Patience, for the abrupt and unpolite manner in which he had quitted her company. While he was bustling about, peering now in this place, now in

in another, a shout, such as his ears never heard before, rose into the blue sky, high above all other noises whatsoever; and Reginald knew, by that simultaneous burst of acclamation, that England's monarch was before his people. He stood just opposite the window at which the king appeared; and never did he behold a sight so supremely gratifying.

Charles, then about thirty years of age, with manners so fascinating, that even his most bitter enemies admired them, was certainly a most brilliant contrast to the morose, hypocritical, and blunt-mannered Cromwell. He stood in the centre of the middle window of the banqueting-hall, with Clarendon, Monk, the earls of Sandwich and Montresor, and others of England's magnates, by his side. His head was uncovered, and his own dark flowing hair fell down upon his shoulders in the fashion of the times, and shaded his features,

tures, which were lighted up with a joyful enthusiasm, at a reception so cordial, so kind, and so simultaneously evinced. He bowed to the assembled throng, with a graceful dignity, which has only been excelled in modern times, by the greeting of the most accomplished monarch that ever filled a throne—by George the Fourth of England; and the acclamations were redoubled, both in intensity and duration.

The king was moved; he was affected even to tears; for the miseries of his long and sad exile passed through his mind, and he fell upon the lord chancellor's neck, and hid his face in his robe. It was but for a moment. He looked on his people again, and with a smile on his beaming features, bowed once more, and retired.

The crowd now began to disperse, and those who had business to attend to left the bustling scene, having attained, by the appearance of the king, the

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principal object which they had in view.

Reginald, convinced that he could obtain no interview with the earl that day, turned his steps towards Holborn, gratified on the one hand with the sight which he had beheld, but infinitely vexed on the other by the unsuccessful termination of his ramble, as regarded the grand object of his visit to the metropolis; for he was still left utterly ignorant of the destination of the baron and Isabel. As he was pushing along amidst the dense mass of people by which he was surrounded, a voice, close by him, whispered in his ear—"Beware of sharks; you are watched!"

He turned round, and encountered the gaze of a slender, and rather good-looking young man, who wore a smart cavalier's hat, placed knowingly on one side, and was dressed in a suit of buff leather, slashed at the sleeves. He placed his finger on his lip, as he caught our hero's eye, and then pointed to two stout,

stout, brawny, thickset fellows, who, with rapiers at their side, and a short round baton in their hands, were following the course which Reginald was pursuing. He knew them to be officers of the law, but could not imagine that he was the object of their attention, as he was unconscious of the commission of any deed that could entitle him to such particular preference. However, the sedulous manner in which they followed his course, and the occasional glances of suspicion and distrust which it was their pleasure to bestow upon him, convinced him that all was not right, and he began to feel somewhat alarmed. In the mean time, his strange monitor kept close at his heels; and again whispered to him—"If you are a wise man, you will not fall willingly into the clutches of these harpies. There is a court on your left, a few paces on; run into it, and wait there for me; or go on to master Jolliman's, in St. Martin's-lane; *I'll en-*

gage these bloodhounds while you do so."

Reginald looked on before him, and saw the court alluded to: springing out of the throng, he turned towards it, and as he did so, he heard the voice of the stranger vociferous in altercation with the two officers. They had observed our hero's deviation, and prepared to follow him, when his unknown counsellor devised some means of picking a quarrel with them, that Reginald might effect his escape.

Our hero, so soon as he was freed from the crowd, stopped an instant to ascertain how his case stood; but he heard quite sufficient to induce him to quicken his pace, without regarding the latter part of the stranger's injunction. — "A rescue! a rescue! Stop the rebel! seize the young traitor!" sounded upon his ear, in all the discordant uproar of a mixed multitude.

The populace, now saturated with  
loyalty



loyalty to their very finger ends, roared in great wrath after the fugitive; and had he fallen into their hands at that moment, it is impossible to account for the effect of their rage and fury. But Reginald was too active for them, and gaining the upper end of the court, he espied an outlet, through which he darted with infinite celerity, and disappeared at its opposite extremity, just as the enraged mob entered it from the Strand.

Another difficulty now occurred to him, which was, the way to Job Jolli-man's? This was a question he could not answer, for he knew not where he was, and was fearful that, in his ignorance and agitation, some unlucky wandering might bring him again in contact with his pursuers. Although he was quite conscious of his innocence, a metropolitan mob was too frightful to contend with, or to attempt to convince; and his chief anxiety was to escape altogether. He therefore ran along the

street, in which he now found himself, and, as luck would have it, the splendid sign of the Black Bull, with the inscription of "Job Jolliman, Vintner," displayed itself to his view.

To seek the protection of the placid Job, would have been the natural result of this discovery, even had he not received such a hint from his mysterious preserver; and into the Black Bull did Reginald willingly walk.

Job had been at his post some time; and now, habited in a plain doublet, with woollen hose, was attending to the business of his vintry, with his usual assiduity and solicitude. He greeted our hero's entry with the bow which he always mechanically performed, at the appearance of every customer; for he did not at first recognise in him the youth to whom he acted the part of showman at Whitehall. A more steadfast glance, however, disclosed to him the fact; and, with his accustomed good-natured

natured urbanity, he welcomed him with sincere cordiality to his house.

“ I did not think to have seen thee again, young sir,” said honest Job, as he held out his hand to our hero. “ Dame Jolliman will be right glad to see thee, I warrant : and so will Patty, to thank thee for the care thou took’st of her in the crowd just now. But, St. Nicholas defend me ! what ails thee, lad ? ” And our vintner gazed with real concern upon the panting agitation of his new guest, who, breathless with exertion and alarm, was leaning against the panelled wainscot of the passage.

Reginald could not speak, for his terror increased, as the wild and furious yelling of the populace reached his ear, becoming more and more audible as the mob approached ; for it was now making rapid way down St. Martin’s-lane, and, consequently, in a direction towards the Black Bull. Pointing, therefore, to an inner room, he rushed

towards it, followed by the astonished landlord, and throwing himself on a seat, soon recovered sufficient breath and calmness, to explain the peril of his situation to master Jolliman.

This warm-hearted and worthy man immediately tendered to Reginald the sanctuary which he sought, and, with an exclamation, more remarkable for its hearty cordiality than for its elegance, he vowed that he should be as safe in his house, as he would be in the strongest castle in Christendom.—“ But, come,” he continued, “ let me take you to my dame and her daughter. Say nothing, mind ye, of your risk or escape, for, to speak truly, dame Jolliman has not the gift of secrecy, and women, you know, *will* babble. Besides, she’ll have some friends here anon, and it would not be safe to let *them* know your peril.”

Reginald, of course, promised unqualified acquiescence in our host’s wishes,

wishes, and, following him up stairs, was ushered into an apartment of tolerably large dimensions, where he found dame Jolliman and her daughter, arrayed in their very gayest in-door garments, and waiting for the arrival of those friends to whom Job had already alluded. A large table, covered with a cloth of the finest diaper, and rivalling the drifted snow in whiteness, displayed preparations for a feast of no stinted quantity; and our hero almost repented his intrusion, when he considered, that, dressed as he then was, he should not appear to any great advantage, amidst an assemblage which, judging from the finery of his hostess, promised to rival the "gay parterre" in the brilliancy, as well as variety, of its colours.

"I have brought thee our young truant, dame, to make one in our merry-making," said Job, as he introduced Reginald to his spouse; "he is a stranger

here, and see that thou make him welcome."

This injunction was perfectly unnecessary on the part of our vintner, for his wife, one of the kindest creatures breathing, was at all times disposed to be civil to her husband's customers and acquaintance, more especially when such customers and acquaintance were young, handsome, and gallant. These she knew Reginald to be; for his attention to Margaretta Patience at the spectacle of the morning, had proved the one, while the other were obvious enough to the most careless spectator. She welcomed him, therefore, with all the kindness of her nature; and as for Margaretta Patience, she blushed and smirked, as became her, when Reginald, according to the custom of those "good old times," saluted her blooming cheek with the kiss of amity and peace.

No long time elapsed before the guests began to arrive; and Reginald found his  
worst

worst anticipations realized, as they passed in array before him, bedecked with the gayest colours that the ingenuity of the factor could furnish. But what was his astonishment, when, just before the commencement of the feast, the party was augmented by the addition of an individual, whose unexpected appearance made Reginald start. It was the youth who had warned him in the street; and he was not a little surprised to see him advance towards Margaretta, bestow a kiss upon her cheek, address her by the name of "Dear Patty," and seat himself by her side, with all the easy familiarity of something *more* than mere acquaintance. Having done this, and chatted a little while with the damsel, he rose, and made his respects to the company. His quick eye immediately singled out Reginald, and he skipped up to him, with an airy gaiety, that imparted to his manner, so at least it seemed to Reginald, a good deal of coxcombry and

affectation—"Aha! art safe from the snare, good master Popinjay!" he exclaimed, as he bustled up to our hero: "well, I take credit to myself for thy deliverance. The business was well brought about, was it not?"

Reginald, confused, as much by the abrupt indelicacy of the challenge, as by the fear of having his situation exposed before the company, stammered forth his acknowledgments for the effectual assistance which had been rendered him; but his interrogator interrupted him.

"Tut, man! I want no thanks for such a service. Only say, was not it well done?"

Reginald could not deny it.

"Ay," returned the other, "I'll match myself against any kite-catcher of them all. The time is yet to come when Frank Goldworthy is to be foiled in his foolery. But see, the dinner is dished, and waits for the eating;" and flying to the side of the fair Margaretta, he led her



her to the table; and placing himself by her side, motioned Reginald to a seat near them.

Reginald was not long in discovering that the frolicsome Frank Goldworthy was an avowed and an accepted admirer of his host's daughter; and with that ready communion which exists between young and honourable spirits, the two youths communicated to one another the leading points of each other's history. Young Goldworthy, although a giddy-pated fop, possessed a good heart, and a fine manly spirit, ready, for the mere merit of the enterprise, at all times to engage in the defence or assistance of those whose situation might seem to require his interference.

It was not however solely a love of thwarting the operations of the officers, a class of persons very cordially detested by young Frank, which induced him to connive at the escape of our hero. He had seen from the opposite side of the

the street, the respectful attention that he paid to his charmer; and imagining that he might be some friend from the country, he felt grateful to him for the care which he took of Margaretta; for he himself was prevented from joining her by the density of the crowd. It was not till the breaking up of the crowd, that Frank could approach sufficiently near to Reginald to speak to him; and when he did so, he found that he was unconsciously watched and dogged by two of those harpies of the law, whose business it is to capture those who have committed any offence, imaginary or real, against the laws of their country. It immediately occurred to Frank, whose knowledge of town had rendered him pretty conversant with such matters, that Reginald was in danger of arrest for some debt; and partly in return for his civility to the Jollimans, and partly from a pure love of frolic, mingled, moreover, as has already been hinted, with

with a desire of opposing the design of the officers, he contributed to his escape, in the manner already related ; but when Reginald informed him that he could not be liable to arrest for debt, because he owed none, and that he was not aware of having committed any crime, inasmuch as he had only arrived in London the day before, Frank's wits were puzzled to account for the circumstance. After a moment's consideration, however, he said—" You mentioned your intimacy with lord Abermaw—does any one in London know of this ?"

Reginald related what had occurred the evening before at the Bell, in Holborn ; and the truth of the case immediately flashed upon Frank's mind.—“ My life on't !” he exclaimed, “ that old lawyer has done the mischief. What said you his name was ?”

“ Duncan, or Duncombe—or something like it.”

“ Old Davie Duncombe, I'll be sworn !  
—a huge,

—a huge, fat, loud-voiced man, with a red nose, and a squinting left eye. That old barker does more harm with his babbling, than all our city madams put together. A flask of sherry to a can of muddy ale, but he has been laying an information against you, for treason, or some such foolery. I know him of old: he is a man so proud and pettish, that he never forgets an insult; and as he wants to crawl into favour with the new court, he'll do any dirty trick to move an inch nearer the throne. He has an eye to the attorney-generalship—the old fox! But what is to be done?” continued Frank, after a pause. “You must not go back to the Bell; for that will be truly walking into the trap. I'll give you shelter at my domicile, in Gray's Inn, till this hubbub has gone by. By saint Dunstan, we'll outwit them yet!”

Had this arrangement been effected ten minutes sooner, Frank Goldworthy's  
vow

vow might have been fulfilled. But Fate, who has swayed the destiny of mightier men even than our hero, had otherwise ordained; for scarcely had the plan been proposed, before Job Jolliman, with uplifted eyes and hands, entered the room, followed by a force strong enough to have captured a troop of horse. Among the first who entered, were the two officers already mentioned; and with them came a yeoman of the guard, with his halbert in his hand, and his sword manfully girded on his thigh. He was attended by a posse of men, with clubs and staves, all of whom were obviously prepared for the most desperate resistance.—“We come,” said the yeoman, in a loud voice, “in the name of our lord the king, to take into custody that young green-coat, accused of divers acts of treason and rebellion; and we hereby command him to deliver himself into our hands forthwith, without delay or resistance.”

“I said

“ I said so,” said Frank, in a whisper to Reginald, who, having made up his mind to attempt neither resistance nor evasion, was preparing to answer this terrific summons—“ I said so; but let us see further. At whose instigation is this charge made, sir yeoman?” asked Frank, addressing the leader of this gallant band.

“ Upon the evidence of master David Duncombe,” replied the officer, in the same loud, steady tone—“ counsellor at law, and a fast friend to the government.”

“ Ay, or to *any* government that will pay him for peaching,” whispered Frank again. “ But it is all over with you, my friend: there’s no chance of another rescue. God grant you a safe deliverance! and remember, if Frank Goldworthy *can* do you any service, he *will*.” He shook our hero by the hand, wished him farewell, and accompanying him to the door, whispered in his ear—

“ Give

“ Give them the fling again, if you can : there’s a nest for you in Gray’s Inn.”

Reginald expressed, by a look, the hopelessness of his case, and left the house in the custody of the officers.

## CHAP. VII.

Why art thou bound, and may'st go free ?

Shall reason yield to raging will ?

Is thralldrom like to liberty ?

Wilt thou exchange thy good for ill ?

Then shalt thou learn a childish play,

And of each part to taste and prove ;

The lookers on shall judge and say—

“ Lo ! this is he that lives by love ! ”

*Paradise of Dainty Devises.*

WHILE our hero was involved in the events which have been related in the last two chapters, the earl of Montresor was looking forward, with proud exultation, to the anticipated glories of the court-day. Ardently attached to the king, the devotion which the noble and the great were about to pay to their monarch, was as gratifying to the earl as it could be  
to



to the prince himself : and well he knew, that the chief of England's wealth and grandeur would that day do willing homage at the feet of England's sovereign. This, moreover, was the first full court which the king had held since his restoration ; for till now, he had been occupied in arranging the confused state of the country's affairs, a task which, while it met with the wishes of the majority of the people, still unavoidably clashed with the interests of others. But now every necessary precaution had been taken—every unpleasant duty performed, towards the re-establishment of that peace and tranquillity of which the nation had been so long deprived.

Charles had formed his council according to the tenets of his favourite maxim, namely, that all men were governed by self-interest ; so that while the majority of his counsellors were men who had evinced the greatest zeal and affection for himself, or his martyred father, he

he admitted others, whose actions had been very questionable, during the dominion of Cromwell; and indeed, some of them had been classed amongst his bitterest enemies. There was a policy in this, which answered the purpose of the young monarch; for he gained thereby the services and fealty of some of his wisest and bravest subjects.

The measures which were recommended and carried into effect by this council, tended to create for the king a warm spirit of admiration and good-will. One of its first operations was the passing of an act of pardon or indemnity, by which many noble and illustrious persons were wiped off the list of traitors. The army, also, was disbanded, to the great joy of the people, who attributed to it the principal causes of the disturbances which had so seriously shaken the kingdom. To conduce more particularly to the quietude of the realm, the most ferocious and contumacious of the regicides were  
doomed

doomed to death, and executed; two plots also, were discovered, and immediately subverted — their instigators being properly punished. These events, coupled with the free tone of gratitude and confidence which characterized the king's speeches in parliament, contributed to render him so decidedly popular, that his friends and faithful servants were now assured, not merely of the stability of his reign, but of its ultimate prosperity and happiness.

It was in consideration of these circumstances then, that the earl of Montresor anticipated a day of exulting triumph, in the one which was appointed for the court pageant; and as he felt ambitious of paying all possible compliment to the king, he determined to present his lady and her daughter, and to appear himself before his sovereign, with as extensive a train as he could collect. The countess, however, was, in the meantime, appointed one of the ladies of honour  
to

to the duchess of York ; and it was consequently arranged, that the lady Matilda should ride in her father's train, and put on her court habiliments in the apartments which had been allotted to her mother in the palace.

But notwithstanding the inspiring anticipation which animated the earl's bosom, there was a circumstance which occasionally intruded itself to mar the joyous feelings of his heart. He had petitioned to the king for the liberation and pardon of the baron of Abermaw ; but Charles had requested him to urge him no more on the subject ; and all that he could obtain, was a permission to suffer his daughter to accompany him in his imprisonment ; for he *was* in the Tower, and daily expecting to be brought to trial as a traitor. Although the king's answer did not amount to a direct denial of his royal clemency, it left the earl very anxious as to the result. To save the baron's life was now his grand aim ;  
and

and he resolved to present to his majesty another petition, even in the face of the whole court. It was an anxiety as to the result of this measure, which involved an event of the utmost importance to his happiness, that rendered him occasionally impatient and fretful, as he was engaged in preparations for the splendid pageantry.

At length the auspicious day arrived; and the earl's mansion resounded with the shouts of his retinue, and the bustle of preparation.

The young men, full of glee and merriment, were abundantly noisy on the occasion; and the hall rang again with shouting and laughter, as, with the joyous hilarity of schoolboys preparing for a holiday, they looked forward with gladness to the approaching ceremony. The older men, on the contrary, moved about with the steady gravity of their more matured age; and although all were anxious to mingle in the pageant, some

of the rough old soldiers were not mightily pleased with the trouble of preparation.

In the mean time, the lady Matilda sat in the apartment commonly occupied by the earl, in his hours of domestic relaxation. She had long since arrayed herself in the simple dress, in which she intended to ride to the palace. A skirt of Lincoln green, with a bodice of green silk, fitted close to her person, and ornamented only with a band of gold, fastened round her waist by a ruby clasp, formed the riding gear of this lovely maiden, who, in truth, wanted not the adventitious aid of art, to enhance the beauty of her charms. Her light hair fell in luxuriant ringlets, down her swan-like neck, and parted, in the fashion of the times, from her forehead, displayed to greater advantage the winning beauty of her features, lighted up, as they usually were, by the smile of joyous innocence and youth. On the  
table

table before her, for she had not quite finished her toilet, were her hat, a golden chain for her neck, and one bracelet; and with a volume of Shakespeare's Comedies before her, she sat, waiting her father's summons to the pageant.

We have said, that Matilda's features usually beamed with the joyous delight of youthful happiness. Not so did they now; and although her eye was fixed upon the magic creations of the immortal poet, it conveyed not to her mind any impression of his power. Her thoughts were far, far away from the capital; and she almost lamented her removal from the quiet seclusion of the Denbighshire hills, when she reflected, that had she remained there still, it would not have been her lot to love one, who, she was quite certain, could never love her. The events of the last year passed rapidly through her mind; and she dwelt, with a sad delight, on the casual circumstances which had brought her

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into

into collision with Lionel Sterling. The churchyard scene at Corwen, with all the vicissitudes of her journey to Bristol, her preservation *there* from the fire, with many other sweet recollections, now pressed upon her, as she sat in her father's mansion, the acknowledged and envied daughter of a noble and illustrious sire. She thought it strange, that her elevation to so great an honour, should be attended with so much sorrow; for by a comparison of conditions, she found that she certainly was not so free from care, as when she rambled, like "wood-nymph wild," among the green hills of North Wales. Yet, in the estimation of mankind, and according to her own romantic ideas of earthly happiness, she was now placed in a sphere of existence, which afforded her every gratification that wealth could purchase, or rank and honour obtain. But what were these advantages to her, when their very possession removed her more and more  
distant



distant from the darling wish of her young heart? She knew—that is, she thought she knew, that such acquisitions would not render her more estimable in Lionel's estimation; on the contrary, she saw, and it was with much grief that she did so see, that Lionel's coldness towards her, increased in proportion to her own elevation in the eyes of others. Of late, the youth's conduct had become studiously distant and reserved; and poor Matilda was too inexperienced in the knowledge of the human heart, to attribute this marked, and, as she thought, cruel coldness, to any other cause, than to a decided dislike of her own unintentional forwardness. It was but the evening before, that, during two hours in which he was in her company, he never, of his own accord, addressed a single word to her—to her, too, for whom he had more than once risked his life. All this was inexplicable to her; and she could only attribute the

change in his character, to a revival of his love for Isabel of Abermaw, whom *she knew* was then in London, and might have been visited, for aught she knew to the contrary, by Lionel, with her father, in the Tower.

How apparently inconsistent and unfathomable, are the actions of a young maiden in love! While her heart is beating with the deepest fervency of female fondness—while every aspiration, every hope of her young bosom, is centered in one dear and delightful object, she carefully and studiously conceals all outward demonstration of her affection: nay, more than this—she will often pettishly resent trifling inattentions, and appear indifferent, or endeavour to do so, when the most ardent love glows within her: more especially is this the case, when the favoured youth is suspected of paying greater attention to any other object; and it matters not, whether the youth in question has, or has not, given  
the

the offended damsel any right to an exclusive claim upon his love.

It was just thus with the lady Matilda : and although she had hitherto firmly and seduously avoided any explanation of the scene in Corwen churchyard, she was determined now to wear the counterpart of the bracelet which Lionel had picked up ; thereby conveying to him a hint of the true state of that important matter.—“ He shall see,” she thought, “ proud and cold-hearted as he is, that I know he *can* love ; and I will show him, that henceforth I will care no more about him !” This sage determination, of course, implying that it was the poor maiden’s intention to care more about him than ever.

In the midst of these reflections, Matilda heard footsteps approaching ; and her heart beat somewhat more irregularly, when her quick ear discovered, that the person approaching could be no other than Lionel : he knocked at the door,

and entered—"I crave your pardon, lady," he stammered, in confusion, as he saw that she was alone; "I had hoped to have found his lordship here. I—I—" and he stood fixed to the spot, with his eyes bent on the ground, the very personification of bashful confusion.

"I grieve much that you have been so disappointed, master Lionel," said Matilda, in as pettish a tone as she could assume. "His lordship is giving audience to some persons from Holland, but will be here anon. I pray you be seated:—nay, do you fear me so much, master Sterling, that you keep at so great a distance from me?"

Lionel came nearer; and having somewhat overcome his confusion, said that he only wished to show the paper which he held in his hand to the earl, as it was the petition for the release and pardon of the baron of Abermaw: "and I am anxious," continued the youth, "that every thing should be correct, as no one

can be more desirous than myself, for the liberation of my lord's friend."

"Is it solely as my lord's *friend* that you wish for his liberation, master Sterling?" asked Matilda, as she fixed a penetrating glance on the youth. There was a tone of reproof in her voice; for she attributed to Lionel a degree of dissimulation, of which he really was guiltless—"Fie! fie, sir!" she continued; "I thought our friendship had stood too long, to render such deceit necessary."

"Deceit, lady! I—"

"Nay, sir, do not swear! Is the lady Isabel so indifferent a person, as to form no reason for her father's deliverance?"

"I pray you, lady, pardon me," returned Lionel, as a variety of strange fancies came into his mind. "The lady Isabel is no more to me, than the daughter of my patron's friend. You do me wrong, Matilda—much wrong."

There was a tone of kindness, even of affection, in the youth's voice; and it

was not unobserved by Matilda, who began to feel somewhat embarrassed herself, at so frank and positive a denial. She cast her eyes on the table, and the bracelet met her view : this brought back to her recollection the interview in the churchyard at Corwen ; and there was a greater degree of confusion in her manner, when she said—"Why will you withhold from me your attachment, Lionel? Have you so soon forgotten that I knew of your secret meetings? and know you not this bracelet?" She held out the trinket as she spoke, and presented it to Lionel, who discovered, with infinite astonishment, that it was the exact counterpart of that one which he had found at Corwen.

"I—I—think I have seen it before," he stammered, as, with a burning cheek and throbbing brow, he fixed his eye upon the bauble. His manner became suddenly changed, and assumed a loftier character. He cast away his confusion, and

and said, with an energy that made Matilda start, "Tell me, Matilda, is that bracelet yours?"

"It is," murmured the maiden.

"Then you know my secret! But hear me, Matilda! Urge me no further on this point; I beseech you do not. A time will come when you shall know all; but *now* I cannot, dare not, tell you more. You will not blame me, Matilda, for keeping even you in ignorance of my love. I know you will not; and if—— but this is useless—it is dangerous."

He prepared to leave the apartment, but Matilda spoke—"But if I may not know of your love, Lionel, surely I may still retain your friendship. What reason have you for your recent coldness towards me?"

"Coldness, Matilda! and to *you!*" He dropped his voice, and muttered to himself, "Is it come to this? I must be resolute, or I am lost!—Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, as the

sound of a trumpet from the court-yard announced the assembling of the earl's train. "It is over now!" and with a voice as collected, and a cheek *almost* as blushless as that of a person perfectly indifferent to an object so bright and beautiful as the young peeress, he informed Matilda that all was ready, and that her horse awaited her in the court-yard. Nay, he even assisted the artless maiden in the completion of her toilet. It is true, that a slight tremor shook his hand, as he clasped the betraying bracelet on her arm, and something like admiration beamed on his countenance, as he gazed on her brilliant charms, heightened as they were by the emotion to which the preceding interview had given birth: there was a blush upon her downy cheek, and a sparkle in her blue eye, that vied in brilliancy with the diamond button which fastened the plume of white feathers in her hat; and Lionel, as he led her to the court-yard, thought that



that he never before saw her look so beautiful, and so exquisitely fascinating.

The cavalcade was quickly marshalled; and we have already said as much about this part of the ceremony, as we have been enabled to collect from the records committed to our care. Lionel, although in the morning he had anticipated a participation in the general joy and triumph which animated the loyalists, mixed in the pageant with a heavy heart, and a mind ill at ease. To a less honourable and more selfish man, his interview that morning with Matilda would have been a source of infinite delight: for Lionel was quick-sighted enough to discover, that the high-born and high-bred daughter of his honourable and revered patron loved him. This he had suspected, since his continual companionship with her at Bristol; and, like all young and ardent lovers, the first emotions of so blissful a suspicion

cion were emotions of joy and ecstasy. But these feelings, like the waves of a troubled sea, gradually subsided, as the upright and high-minded youth reflected upon the consequences of encouraging such a passion; for well he knew, that a hapless orphan like himself, with only the name and virtues of his gallant father for his dowry, might as successfully aspire to wed "some bright particular star," as to possess the hand of the young countess. In all his reasoning on this subject, each aspiration of his generous bosom was purely and solely called forth by the strictest sense of honour and gratitude—no one feeling of interest or selfishness gave rise to a single thought, or a single determination. He considered his obligations to the earl, and, above all, his love for his daughter; and that he *did* love her, was, of course, the natural and unavoidable consequence of a constant communication with so young and so beautiful—

so tender and so confiding a being. His must have been a more callous and impenetrable heart than Lionel's, to have received with apathy the numberless affectionate attentions which Matilda, in her artless innocence, lavished upon him; and then, who could withstand the winning influence of her charms?

She moved upon this earth, a shape of brightness,  
A power that from its object scarcely drew  
One impulse of her being: in her lightness  
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,  
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,  
To nourish some fair desert. She did seem  
Beside him, gathering beauty as she grew,  
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream,  
Which walks when tempests sleep, the waves of life's dark  
stream.

The supposition that Matilda loved him, had induced Lionel to ponder deeply upon the course which he ought, in justice to his patron, and in mercy to himself, to adopt. He was already advanced

vanced to the rank of captain in the army; and he had been thinking for some days of exchanging into some regiment, whose absence from the capital might prevent him from associating with the young syren, who had irrevocably charmed him with her unconscious loveliness. Yet, like the bird fascinated by the gaze of the serpent, he could not determine to tear himself away from an object so supremely bewitching. The interview of that morning, however, imparted a resolution to his purpose, which his own reasoning and firmness had hitherto failed to do; and he was resolved to absent himself without delay from the scene of such fatal fascination. He intended, therefore, to speak to the earl on the subject the next morning, and to endure another day of agony and suspense.

In the mean time, the cavalcade moved on in the throng towards the palace; and Matilda repairing to her mother's

ther's apartments, left the earl and Lionel, to proceed into the royal presence, with such others of the retinue as were entitled to so great an honour. Though Lionel had been accustomed to the bustle and occasional display of the camp, the magnificent court of Charles—magnificent even in its infancy, filled him with unbounded admiration. The fine, venerable, and manly forms of England's choice nobility, habited in all the splendour of their rank, crowded the lofty room where the throne was placed; and the youthful monarch himself, all animation, benignity, and grace, seemed, in Lionel's estimation, the most fit and proper person to sway the destinies of this great kingdom.

As yet the duchess of York had not arrived, and, consequently, no ladies were present. The earl, taking advantage of their absence, approached the throne, and bending on his knee, presented his petition to the king. He  
was

was received with a smile—just such a smile as one intimate friend would greet another with, on an occasion where a display of formal obeisance was necessary; but the smile, so bland, so familiar, so benignant, so encouraging, gave place to a frown, as the purport of the petition became perceptible to the monarch.

“How now, my lord of Montresor?” said the king, as his eye glanced sullenly over the paper; “did we not command you to trouble us no more on this head? It is painful to us to deny the requests of our dearest friends; but in this case our wishes must give place to the advice of our wise counsellors: we cannot interfere in this matter.”

“Pardon me, my liege; I would not press my petition, were it not for the good of the state, as well as my own satisfaction. I pray you, sire, grant me an audience, and I will urge such reasons

reasons as shall induce your majesty to listen to my suit."

The king looked round on his advisers, as if to ask—" Shall we grant this indulgence?" He gathered, from the mild expression on Clarendon's countenance, that it would not be unsafe; and the earl's solicitation was not refused.

Scarcely had the royal assent been given, before a stream of music floated into the court-room, announcing the approach of the duchess and her train.

What a constellation of beauty followed her! The rarest flowers of England's "gay parterre" flocked round the throne of the representative of England's queen; and added to the splendour of the scene, by the display of charms, unrivalled by any other court in Europe.

Lionel's eye wandered over the dazzling spectacle, in search of Matilda; and when it rested on her, he was not displeased to discover a retiring modesty in her demeanour, which, although by  
no

no means characterized by the awkwardness of unpractised rusticity, had no one particle of unblushing boldness in it. Dazzled herself by the display of so much magnificence and beauty, the admiration of the young maiden was obvious and unrepressed ; and she too was delighted to find that Lionel, lowly, and comparatively obscure as his birth was supposed to be, had as gallant a carriage, and as manly a form, as any of the noble cavaliers around him.

After the king had noticed each and every one of his visitors, complimenting the mothers on the opening beauties of their daughters, and the daughters on their resemblance to their mothers, and after he had shown himself, as we have elsewhere mentioned, to his fond, and now faithful subjects, he bowed to the assembled throng ; and, followed by Clarendon, the earl of Montresor, and two or three others, he retired to a more private apartment, to give audience to  
his



his ministers on subjects connected with the state.

It was at this council that the earl of Montresor was heard in behalf of the baron of Abermaw; and although the arguments he used in extenuation of his offence have not been handed down to us, still they must have been highly satisfactory, for the earl obtained his object, and determined that very evening to proceed to the Tower, and be himself the herald of the success of his own interest. We shall therefore leave him to do so, while we recur to the baron and his daughter, for whose domestication in the Tower of London we have now to account.

## CHAP. VIII.

Yet blame not him, by long injustice taught,  
And base ingratitude, the world to shun,  
Nor marvel much, that, where he fondly sought  
Friendship and peace, till finding, one by one,  
His friends all faithless, and himself undone,  
He can no more in confidence repose :  
Joyless to him, sweet bloom and summer sun ;  
His, oft a heart, though bleeding with its woes,  
That pants the friend to meet, and could forgive its foes.

*The Courtier.*

WE left the baron and his daughter travelling eastward, under the protection of an escort furnished by the outlaw Madoc, whose object and commission were to deliver him and his train safe into the hands of the parliamentary leaders. With the particulars of this journey it is needless to trouble the reader :  
suffice

suffice it to say, that before the party had reached Birmingham, they fell into the hands of the loyalists, who had assembled in great force in all the western parts of England.

The consequence of this event was the more speedy transmission of the baron to the capital; and, as we have before intimated, his immediate imprisonment in the Tower, on a charge of high treason and contumacy.

This constituted the climax of the baron's misfortunes; for it was very evident that some influence, unknown to himself, had been exerted in his favour at court; and his condition was, in consequence, considerably ameliorated. He was indeed excluded from the rigorous severities which it was deemed necessary to inflict upon the other traitors; and a degree of attention was paid to his comfort and wishes, which was not at all consonant with his notions of imprisonment. His daughter, and her  
querulous

querulous kinswoman, were permitted to share his confinement ; and all things considered, his situation, divested of all the horrors and severities of incarceration, was far more tolerable than might have been expected.

Yet was the baron's proud and sensitive heart severely wounded, by the contumely and disgrace to which he was subjected ; and at first a dejection, amounting almost to an irretrievable melancholy, shrouded his gloomy mind, and rendered him insensible even to the endearing attentions of his child. All mention of Reginald, nay, the most distant allusion to him, was sedulously avoided ; for Isabel saw, with sorrow, that a hatred, deep, inexorable, and deadly, towards her foster-brother, now occupied the baron's heart. If, perchance, his name *was* mentioned, or some event brought to mind, which induced a recollection of the youth, the baron's frame would become actually convulsed with  
wrath,

wrath, as he showered down upon the head of his absent *protégé*, all the withering epithets appertaining to an ingrate. In consequence of the effect thus produced, Reginald's name was never mentioned to the baron; and Isabel, while she thought of her absent lover, for *she* loved him still, would sigh, as she reflected that he was now lost to her for ever.

Weeks and months passed on; and the baron's haughty mind, borne down and humbled by his misfortunes, threw off the deep gloom in which it had hitherto been immersed, and assumed a grave, but not a gloomy, composure.—“Sweet are the uses of adversity,” and sweet was their influence over the proud heart of this austere nobleman. Removed now from every cause of petty vexation and anger—thrown entirely upon his own resources—we cannot say for amusement, but for that mental occupation, which is as necessary to the

healthful existence of the individual, as is the exercise of the body—he saw and felt, that man was not made to assume an unjust or an undue dominion over his fellows; nor was he created for the mere endurance of misery. The baron was not radically a morose, or an unkind man. Circumstances had poisoned the wholesome fountains of his happiness, and changed the generosity and cheerfulness of his nature into a cynical austerity, and into a suspicious, uncompromising, inaccessible haughtiness.

—————“ He *had* been  
Full of joy, and confidence, and fire,  
And energy, and resolute design,  
And passionate tenderness, and ardent love :  
He, too, had known the hopes sublimely bright,  
The noble aim which could extend to heaven,  
The expansive love which could embrace mankind,  
And had been happy :”

But a concatenation of events, which  
we

we have already related, dissipated the natural buoyancy of his spirit, and induced in its place an artificial and ungracious austerity.

While in the undisturbed enjoyment of hereditary wealth and undisputed honour—while he moved about in all the unapproachable grandeur of the sole monarch of the little community among which he dwelt, there was neither the opportunity, nor the necessity, of examining the uselessness of this haughty and repulsive demeanour; but now that vicissitudes, painful in themselves, yet abundantly salutary in their effect, had thrown him out of his accustomed sphere, and taught him the true value of human virtue, and the danger and evil of human power, he lost, by degrees, the stinging austerity of his disposition, and became a humbled and resigned victim to political justice. Nay, something like cheerfulness once more characterized his manners; and Isabel

saw with delight the change which had taken place in her father's disposition. Of her gentle and affectionate heart, her parent's happiness was now the only endearing object; and fervently did she pray for the dissipation of his melancholy, and for his re-establishment in the rank and possessions of his forefathers.

But although the tranquillity which now characterized the baron's manners, imparted no trivial joy to Isabel, still was she involved in a perplexing anxiety with regard to Reginald. What had been *his* fate, she could not discover; but she had sad forebodings, as she reflected, that, had he survived the turmoil, and taken his proper place among the restorers of the monarchy, his generous spirit would not have remained passively indolent, till he had sought and found those which her fond heart whispered to her, were still the chief objects of his affection and care. The  
baron's



baron's thoughts were also occasionally occupied with the same subject; and now that he was enabled to reflect upon circumstances, with a calmer and less prejudiced judgment, *he*, too, had his melancholy suspicions as to the fate of his *protégé*, whose welfare was really of more importance to him, than that of a mere dependant upon his bounty. Hitherto, however, not a word had escaped his lordship's lips, indicative of his interest in the destiny of our hero. In the distempered moodiness of his mind, he had stigmatized him as the author of all his woe and peril; and something like a feeling of shame wrung his bosom, as he now deliberately and calmly reflected, how little, in reality, Reginald was deserving of such an accusation.

The morning of the day of the coronation arrived, and the baron was not without the hope, that the same act of royal clemency would be extended to him, as to others, who had rendered

themselves equally obnoxious to the government. But in this he was disappointed; and while all England was rioting in unrepressed rejoicing, he and his affectionate daughter were spending the lagging hours within the walls of the state prison. The baron had urged Isabel to seek the scene of the pageant, accompanied by mistress Dinah and Shenny; but she would not leave her father in his desolation, and so none of them witnessed the spectacle.

Little did they think, that while they were anxiously surmising the cause of Reginald's absence, he was at that very moment in London, for the sole and express purpose of discovering them, with the intent of reinstating them in all their hereditary honours; and little did they dream of the unexpected means by which they were about to be informed of this gratifying circumstance.

When Reginald left the Bell, in Holborn, to proceed to the earl of Montresor's

sor's residence, on the eventful morning of the coronation-day, he left his pacific and indolent companion fast asleep in bed; and great was the good man's astonishment and alarm, when the landlord informed him that the young gallant, his friend, had gone out, and had left no intelligence as to his return. Well aware of Reginald's impetuous temper, and perfectly ignorant of the object of his solicitude, Mr. Jones fell into a fever of suspense and terror, as hour after hour elapsed, and no Reginald returned. His agonizing fears were not much allayed by a fact, which "mine host," out of kindness, communicated to him. It appeared that two officers of the law had applied to master Fillflask, for information respecting the hot-headed youth, who had insulted counsellor Duncombe the foregoing evening, and acknowledged, at the same time, his intimacy with that terrible traitor, the baron of Abermaw. These men, satis-

fied that their victim was not in the house, had quitted it, after telling the landlord, that there was a reward offered for his caption, counsellor Duncombe having laid an information of treason against him, which information was embellished and heightened with all the glowing eloquence of the time-serving lawyer.

This intelligence, as might be expected, filled our tutor with the most terrible alarm, and he resolutely determined to proceed forthwith in search of his wandering pupil, that he might warn him of the evil which awaited him. But the question was, where was he likely to find him? The simple preceptor knew as much about the topography of London, as he did about that of Thebes or Babylon; and, besides, he had no conception whatever of Reginald's destination. It suddenly occurred to him, however, that he must have gone to the Tower, to seek the baron;  
and

and to the Tower, therefore, our reverend friend determined to go, where, if he did not find his erratic pupil, he should, at all events, certify himself of the fact of his patron's imprisonment.

After "a world of wandering" and trouble—after diverging here and diverging there—threading this lane, and creeping through that, he reached Tower Hill, and beheld, with awe and admiration, the muddy moat, the drawbridge, and the towers of England's state prison. He paused for a moment, to gaze upon the ancient fortress, and then strode resolutely forward into the outer court, where the entrance to the menagerie now is. He passed the sentinel unquestioned; he crossed the first bridge, and in an instant a dozen halberds were pointed at his breast.

"You pass not here," said one of the yeomen, "without a passport from the governor. What may your business be?"

The divine was taken unexpectedly, and was somewhat confused. It would not be wise to divulge the real cause of his visit; and so, after a moment's hesitation, he replied—"I come, good sir, to visit one of your prisoners, and to administer consolation to him under his afflictions. You see I am an unworthy pastor of our holy church."

"Pastor or no pastor, you cannot enter here," said the yeoman; "but who is the prisoner you would visit?"

"He is called the baron of Abermaw," answered Mr. Jones, in a tone calculated to convey to his interrogator the impression, that our tutor's acquaintance with the baron was not very intimate.

"Stukely, is there any order to admit any one to the Welsh baron?" asked the yeoman of one of the men.

"Yes; one came to-day from the earl of Montresor."

"Pass on then," said the yeoman.  
"Here, Stukely, take down the name,  
and

and then shew the parson to the baron's rooms."

Stukely did as he was commanded, and then walked on before our friend, who followed with eager steps the portly form of his conductor. They arrived at a range of buildings, which had formerly constituted a part of the offices annexed to the square tower in the centre of the fortress; and entering an open door, which was guarded by a sentinel, they proceeded up a flight of stairs, which led to a long passage or gallery. At the extremity of this, another sentinel paced to and fro, and indicated the apartments which the baron occupied. Stukely pointed to the door, whispered a word to the sentinel, touched his hat, and withdrew, leaving the divine to proceed unmolested into the presence of his patron.

It was an anxious moment for our tutor, who had lived too long under the roof of Abermaw Castle, to have imbibed

*no* regard for its main support, notwithstanding an opposition in political feelings and principles had somewhat warped his feelings in this respect. Besides, the misfortunes which had befallen the baron, and the imminent peril to which, in the estimation of Mr. Jones, he was now exposed, created an additional interest in the breast of that benevolent man, which, added to their long separation, rendered this meeting a matter of very anxious importance. He knocked softly and timidly at the door; and a gentle footstep approached to answer the summons. The door was unfastened, and Shenny Roberts started back, and almost screamed, as the rotund and well-known figure of Mr. Pendragon Jones met her view.

“ Lord sake, Mr. Jones, who would have thought of seeing *you* !” exclaimed the poor girl, in the first impulse of her amazement; and then recollecting herself, she continued, with more sedateness—



ness—"Has the Lord, in his wisdom, delivered *you* too into the hands of our enemies?"

"Hush, hush, Shenny!" whispered the chaplain, fearful that the sentinel might discover a closer connexion between him and the captives, than he was very willing at present to make known: "I come, of my own free will and choice, to see my noble master: tell me, Shenny, how doth he bear his afflictions?"

"Like one whom the Lord upholdeth, reverend sir. The lady Isabel, too, and that godly woman, mistress Dinah."

"What, are *they* here too?" interrupted the chaplain, in a tone indicative of greater feeling than he had the credit of possessing: "but come, Shenny, lead me into their presence—my heart yearneth to pay its dutiful respects there."

Shenny led the way through an ante-room, and opening an old oak door,  
ushered

ushered the tutor at once into the presence of his patron.

This was no time for the exercise of useless forms and ceremonies. The baron no sooner beheld his old friend, than he received him with a warmth and cordiality so unlike his usual unbending demeanour, that poor Mr. Jones was staggered with such condescension. Isabel came forward, and received from him the affectionate kiss of a glad greeting; and mistress Dinah obtained the same favour, although *she* deemed it necessary to evince a marvellous degree of coyness and confusion, hiding her blushing face with her fan, as she withdrew from the hearty embrace of the minister.

After the bustle of the greeting was over, Mr. Jones was urged to relate all that had occurred since the baron's flight from the castle; and he performed his task with a conciseness and brevity worthy the imitation of all modern  
story-

storytellers. No one event, however, did he omit, and no one circumstance, which could place Reginald in the most favourable light, before the baron and his family ; and if he was guilty of any occasional amplification, it was merely in eulogizing the valour, gallantry, generosity, and strict principles of his darling pupil.

He saw, with exultation, that his eloquence was not lost upon the baron ; for he, honest man, attributed to his commendation of Reginald, all those favourable opinions or expressions which his patron bestowed upon his *protégé* ; but all of them were somewhat alarmed, when they reflected upon the cause of his present absence.

Mr. Jones was now convinced that he must have fallen into the hands of the officers ; and although he felt perfectly secure as to the issue of the adventure, still he was aware, that much trouble and anxiety might intervene.

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The baron too was vexed: he was vexed that Reginald should have encountered peril on his account; although, at the same time, he did feel rather gratified, when he was informed of the zealous interest which his *protégé* had evinced in his behalf, at the Bell, in Holborn; more especially when he reflected on the unequivocally favourable result, which must accrue from any explanation of the extent and value of Reginald's services in Wales.

While they were occupied with the conversation to which Reginald's absence and danger gave rise, a knocking was heard at the outer door, and each hoped, that the visitor might be the object of their fond solicitude. But the tall and stately person whom Shenny ushered into the apartment, bore no resemblance to the buoyant and graceful form of Reginald Trevor. The evening had already advanced so far, as to afford only the dubious gloom of twilight; and

and the stranger kept his features carefully concealed by the large Spanish hat which he wore, and by the muffling folds of his scarlet cloak.

The baron felt a vague suspicion of impending evil, as he gazed upon the commanding form of the intruder, for he was well assured that he was a person of authority ; and he could augur no good from the sudden and untimely visit of so august a personage. He advanced, however, to meet him, and, with his usual dignity, begged to be informed who it was that thus honoured him with his presence ?

The earl of Montresor, for it was he, cast a glance around the room, which seemed to indicate, that the presence of the tutor, and the two females, was somewhat intrusive, and he replied—  
“ I am the earl of Montresor ; but my visit is to the baron of Abermaw *alone*.”

The baron's forebodings were strengthened by this mysterious formality ;  
and

and anxious to save Isabel all unnecessary pain, from hearing any untoward annunciation, he begged her, and the others, to withdraw, and was left alone with the earl.

“ My lord of Abermaw,” said the earl, in a tone, every cadence of which thrilled through the heart of the baron, “ I come to you, the messenger of good tidings and of peace. His majesty has pardoned you, and from this moment you are free.”

The baron gazed upon the speaker, with a look so penetrating, that it could almost have discovered his inmost thoughts. It was not altogether the result of tidings so unexpected and welcome, but there was a sound in the earl's voice, which reminded the baron of one who had been long since numbered with the dead, and for whom he had ceased to mourn. The earl spoke again, and the deep tones of his voice bore

bore a still more striking resemblance to those of the baron's brother.

"Give you no credit to my word, my lord, that you eye me thus suspiciously? behold! here is your pardon!" and he held the scroll towards the baron.

The baron heeded it not. Emotions, long since smothered, began to agitate his bosom, and he trembled with extreme anxiety, as he spoke—"I cannot be mistaken—it must be he—say, my lord, do not I see, in the earl of Montresor, my long absent brother, Tudor?"

"Edward," said the earl, as he threw off his cloak, "do you remember me so well?" and in an instant the brothers were in each other's arms.

It was well that they were alone, for the deep feelings of that fond meeting were not calculated for exhibition, even before the dearest objects of consanguinity or friendship; and ill would the  
baron

baron have borne a detection of the tears which he shed, although those tears *were* tears of joy and gratitude.

“ I have one question to ask you, Edward,” said the earl, after the first transports of the interview had subsided, “ upon which much of my happiness depends—tell me truly, what has become of my son?”

A cloud passed over the baron’s brow, but it quickly disappeared, as he proceeded with the narrative which this important question elicited. The son thus anxiously inquired for was Reginald Trevor, whom the baron actually imagined to be the offspring of illicit love; and deeply was he delighted when he was assured by his brother, that not only was he born under the sanction of honourable wedlock, but that he had a sister also, who was entitled to the same distinction.

On the other hand, the earl was no less gratified, when he found that his  
firstborn



firstborn had borne himself so manfully in the cause of his king; and if the suspicion of his present peril did create a moment's uneasiness, it was quickly dissipated at the conviction, that he would be speedily freed from his bondage, and elevated to the high honours which he had so well deserved.

"But come," said the earl, after the baron had told his tale, "let me embrace my fair niece, and then we will quit these mournful walls: until we can arrange matters more completely, there are apartments for you at Montresor House. My carriage now waits to convey you thither."

As he spoke, the baron summoned Isabel before them; and, greatly to the astonishment of the maiden, addressed her with—"Isabel, behold your uncle—the father of your foster-brother;" and as she surrendered herself to the embrace of her kinsman, her young heart fluttered with emotion, when she thought  
of

of the proximity of his relationship to Reginald Trevor.

The party now prepared to leave the Tower. The earl's roomy and cumbersome carriage conveniently accommodated them, including Shenny Roberts, and a confidential lacquey of the earl; and with brighter prospects than had opened before them for many a month, they quitted the scene of their captivity, and were soon threading the narrow lanes of the city on their road to Charing-Cross.

## CHAP. IX.

Though your body be confined,  
And by soft love a pris'ner bound,  
Yet the beauty of your mind  
Neither check nor chain hath found.  
Look out nobly, then, and dare  
Even the fetters that you wear.      FLETCHER.

THAT day, which was so important in the annals of England, as ratifying by its pageantry the confidence and esteem of the people for the new king, was destined to prove doubly momentous to the personages of this history. Already, as we have seen, had some of its interesting events occurred, and to the most conspicuous actors in the scenes of this our drama; but other, and equally important

portant matters, were in reserve, and fate had ordained that this particular day should witness their occurrence.

We have said, that Lionel Sterling, after his interview with Matilda in the morning, had determined to adopt some measures for his removal from the fascinations of the young syren; and fervently as he adored the maiden, he suffered no fond wish, and no sophistical reasoning, to turn him from his purpose. During his ride to the palace, the *naïve* and artless remarks of his fair companion, and her exclusive attentions, unconsciously tender, to himself, were as so many arrows in his heart; and he almost regretted that he had not, long since, torn himself away from the bewitching snare in which he was now so strongly entangled.

As for Matilda, she was not now so fully convinced of his attachment to Isabel of Abermaw. The candid disavowal of such a fact, which he had made in the morning,

morning, inspired her with a secret hope that he still was free: but then, his coolness towards her damped the fervour of her aspirations, as she considered that such coolness was too clearly indicative of indifference towards herself. Still she *had* hope, and this occasionally illuminated her face with smiles, thus unconsciously displaying its influence over her "stricken heart."

Matilda did not remain at the palace with her mother, but returned to Charing-Cross with Lionel: the earl, we have seen, was engaged in a conference with the council, on the subject of the baron's release. He returned, however, to dinner, and his success was evident, from the joy which beamed in his dark eye. The meal passed over in the usual manner. Two or three of the earl's veteran companions graced the banquet-board with their presence; and Matilda did the honours, in the absence of her mother.

Lionel was the only dull and gloomy guest at the table; for the sacrifice he was about to make to principle occupied all his thoughts.

The earl preserved a rigid silence on the subject of the baron's liberation, so long as the comparative strangers were present: they, however, had no sooner retired, than he disclosed the matter to his daughter and Lionel, informing them that it was his intention to proceed to the Tower himself with the baron's pardon; and that he should bring back with him the noble prisoner and his family.

Matilda heard this part of the plan with delight; for she had often longed for a revival of her short-lived intimacy with Isabel, whom, as yet, she did not know to be her cousin.

There was a time too when Lionel would not have listened to such an arrangement unconcerned; but now the satisfaction which it conveyed was caused

sed only by the reflection, that the presence of such visitors would render his own absence the less conspicuous.

The earl departed according to his arrangement ; and Matilda and Lionel were once more left alone.

Lionel did not mean to trust himself again *tête-à-tête* with Matilda, for he was perfectly sensible of his own weakness, and, consequently, anxious to avoid any further trial of his fortitude and forbearance ; but on this occasion he could not avoid it ; for the earl, on his departure, left his daughter, as it were, in his charge, and commissioned him to bear her company, until the countess should return from the palace. Under such a circumstance, Lionel was too dutiful a servant to disobey ; and, after all, notwithstanding his self-acquired and compulsory magnanimity, we are not quite certain but that this injunction pleased the young cavalier a good deal more than he chose to acknowledge, even to

the scrutinizing rectitude of his own honourable mind.

Matilda had observed Lionel's gloom, and with the shrewdness of a woman's perception, she fancied that this sombre gravity was in some manner connected with that morning's interview; and she entertained, moreover, a cunning supposition, that she herself was in some way or other implicated in the matter.

"How now, sir knight of the woful countenance?" said the playful girl, placing her hand on Lionel's shoulder, as he stood at the window, gazing apparently at the earl's carriage, as it moved slowly and deliberately along the street. "What terrible mishap hath befallen our brave champion, that his gallant spirit should be thus shrouded in sorrow? Speak, sir Tristram, and say what lady fair hath used thee so cruelly?"

Lionel started, as from a dream, when he felt the soft pressure of the maiden's hand upon his arm, and assuming an indifference,



difference, which he was far from feeling, he replied, in the same bantering vein—"Tell me, fairest lady, by what right of courtesy do you thus question me?"

"By no right of *courtesy*, in truth, sir knight; but did not you vow devotion to us, and to us alone? and have not we a just and proper right to claim our service, as well as to inquire into the cause of its omission? You have of late, sir knight, fallen off from your allegiance; and much I fear that some unworthy damsel has caused your swerving."

"Oh no, lady, not an *unworthy* damsel; she——"

"Then you *do* love?" interrupted the maiden, as she almost gasped for utterance, while her flashing eye was fixed in a piercing gaze on Lionel.

"I cannot deny it," said the youth, relapsing again into his former gravity.

Matilda placed her hand on her heart;

her face assumed a deadly paleness, and she scarcely dared to breathe. It was but for a moment. Once more were her features lighted up by the spirit which glowed within; and seating herself by her harp, she prepared to calm her emotions in song; and she selected a strain, prophetic, as she imagined, of her now decidedly hopeless affection.

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SONG.

“ Must it be ? Then farewell,  
Thou whom my woman’s heart cherish’d so long,  
Farewell ! and be this song  
The last wherein I say—‘ I lov’d thee well !’

“ Oh ! if in after years,  
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,  
Bid not the pain depart,  
But shed over my grave a few sad tears.

“ Farewell again ! and yet  
Must it indeed be so ? and on this shore,  
Shall you and I no more  
Together see the sun of summer set ?

" I, on my bier, will lay  
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,  
Martyr of love to man,  
And like a broken flower, gently decay."

The maiden ceased her song, and a tear glittered in tremulous emotion in her blue eye, as, with all the deep feeling of her nature, she warbled the last verse of this exquisite composition. She endeavoured to calm her emotion, but in vain. Nature was the conqueror; and bending over her harp, she gave vent to her feelings in a flow of tears. The weeping of woman is, in truth, a terrible thing. Lionel, till now, had heroically withstood every artless fascination, and every unconscious charm; but this was too much even for his philosophy to resist; and he felt that the resolution of many anxious weeks was melting away, like snow on the stream, in this subduing flood of tears. For an instant, however, he did maintain a stoical indifference to the maiden's emotion ;

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tion; he even thanked her, in a calm, unbroken tone, for her minstrelsy; but when he saw her fragile form, bending, "like a broken flower," in her misery, all his assumed apathy vanished, and he flew to her side in his own natural and kind manner.—"Matilda—dear Matilda! look up and weep not!" He took her hand, and its thrilling pressure evinced the agitation of her heart. He pressed it to his lips, but the maiden instantly withdrew it, and rising suddenly from her recumbent posture, stood before the astonished youth, her eye flashing with scorn, although the tears were yet wet upon her cheek.

"How is this, sir?" she exclaimed, as she fixed her angry eye upon Lionel. "Is it not enough that I should bear your scorn, but that I should endure your dissembling pity also? Go, sir, and console *her* whom you have deigned to honour with your love. The daughter of the earl of Montresor needs  
neither

neither your pity nor your——” Love, she would have said, but she could not articulate the word; and, walking towards the window, she hid her blushing face with her hand.

Lionel was at first mightily astonished at this unexpected sally; but he attributed it to the right cause; and had his resolution still remained, he had now an excellent opportunity of irrevocably relinquishing all chance to the possession of Matilda. But no such resolution now nerved his heart; and least of all could he determine to part with his beloved in anger, which would most probably have been the case, on her part, had he encouraged the delusion of his loving another. He approached the maiden, and said to her—“ Matilda, you do me wrong. No sentiment towards you has ever swelled my bosom, but that of the most admiring esteem, and of the purest and most devoted respect. I pray you, understand me plainly, that

you may still respect me, and that we may both part in good-will and amity."

"*Part*, Lionel! What mean you? Are you about to leave us?" and the maiden trembled, and turned pale at the supposition.

"It is even so, Matilda; and that we may not part in anger, I will tell you why I must leave you, and my honoured master, and all the surpassing happiness that I have enjoyed under his roof."

Matilda had sunk upon a couch, and Lionel now seated himself by her side. With a voice heroically firm, he began his explanation—"It has been my lot, Matilda, to be left in the world without parents or kindred, and almost without friends. While thus destitute of fortune, your noble father took me into his service, from the esteem he bore to my own departed parent; and he has extended to me all that kindness and solicitude, of which that parent's death had deprived me. For this noble generosity,  
I can

I can never make any adequate return, beyond an indulgence in the purest and warmest gratitude; but so far as my humble means could go, I have used them, and have endeavoured to serve him, with diligence, with zeal, and with fidelity. In the midst of my willing and zealous attachment, an event occurred, which sorely tried my fidelity. A jewel, of great price, was entrusted to my care; and I found, that without committing an actual robbery—I mean, a robbery in the eyes of the law—I might have appropriated this precious jewel to myself. Tell me, Matilda, should not I have acted wrong to have stolen this costly prize?"

"A deed so foul can never stain *your* nature, Lionel. But what has this to do with your determination to leave a master whom you honour so greatly?"

"I will tell you all, Matilda: I have dared——" His voice faltered, and he paused an instant, while he took the

maiden's trembling hand in his—"I have dared to love this jewel—I have dared to love *you*. Oh, say that you will forgive me!"

A burning blush overspread Matilda's brow and bosom, as, with a palpitating heart, she listened to this avowal; and she replied, in tones so sweet, that Lionel was convinced of her attachment—" *Forgive* you, Lionel! Is there then so great a crime in love?"

"In love like mine, there is, Matilda. I am your father's servant—the object of his bounty and his kindness; and shall I destroy his high and honourable hopes, by daring to love his daughter? Oh no, no! *I* will never be such an ingrate!"

"But did not you twice preserve that daughter's life? and are you not even now the bearer of an honourable commission in the service of your king? You know what one of our poets has said—



' He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.'

And are not you bold enough to venture a trial for so peerless a prize?"

"Matilda," said Lionel, with animation, "you love me—I know you love me. But what will my honoured lord, your father, say?"

"What can he say to the saviour of his daughter's life? I will not deceive you, Lionel, nor torment you by any display of needless prudery—I do love you, and I feel that I ought to love you. Why should I deny it? My father is an honourable and a generous man, and esteems you as a son; so does my noble mother. Why should you despair then of gaining their concurrence?"

"I have no claim upon them, Matilda; and my birth and station are not worthy of competing with your high and noble lineage; no, Matilda," and he pressed

pressed her trembling hand to his lips, "a lowly and obscure youth like me, must not aspire to such high-born excellence as yours: I have been betrayed by my own feelings into a confession of my love for you; but I have still resolution left to tear myself away from so dangerous a fascination: I must leave you, Matilda, and that without delay; for every moment that I remain, adds another drop of poison to our existence. I will speak to my lord this night, and to-morrow——" his voice grew tremulous and low, as he added, "I must quit the capital."

"To-morrow, Lionel! So soon—so *very* soon?" and a burning tear fell upon Lionel's hand.

"Yes, Matilda, to-morrow; delay will but add to our misery: yet I would crave one boon before we part. May I retain this bracelet?" and he drew from his bosom the bracelet he had found in the churchyard at Corwen. "I will wear it for your sake, Matilda; and in  
all

all the toil and peril of my absence, it shall remind me of one who will occasionally bestow a passing thought upon the self-exiled Lionel."

Matilda spoke not—moved not; but, hiding her face in her kerchief, she wept and sobbed, as if her young heart would burst her heaving bosom.

It was a trying moment for Lionel; but now that he had confessed his love, and thereby inflicted a wound, which all his subsequent skill and ingenuity could never heal, his heroic resolution returned; and he rose, with a firm unfaltering air, to part from his beloved—"Farewell, Matilda! may God, in his goodness, watch over you!" He bent over the weeping girl, and pressed upon her burning brow a kiss of pure and fervent love. It thrilled through every fibre of his heart; and as he hung over the afflicted maiden, his resolution faltered, and he was strongly inclined to alter his purpose; but principle this time triumphed

umphed over passion, and pressing another kiss on her cheek, he rushed out of the apartment, and sought, in the promiscuous bustle of the streets, a diversion from the tumultuous agitation of his heart.

He turned into the Strand, and scarcely had he passed the wall which enclosed Northumberland House, before he encountered a crowd, moving turbulently along, in a direction opposite to the course which he had chosen. Before he could have avoided it, even had he been inclined to do so, he was fairly involved in its uproar; and pushing through it as well as he could, he made the best of his way onwards. But as he approached the centre of its attraction, sundry exclamations reached his ear, which induced him to pay more particular attention to the cause of all this tumult. The baron of Abermaw's name, accompanied by execrations and abuse, and by observations, not the most civil, on the  
the

the horrible treason of that nobleman, seemed a very familiar and favourite topic in the mouths of the "greasy varlets" which composed the crowd; and Lionel gathered enough from their conversation to ascertain, that a retainer and spy of the baron was then in custody, and that the officers of justice were conducting the terrible delinquent to Montresor House, to be examined by the earl in person.

Scarcely had he learnt this, before he obtained a view of the prisoner, and his surprise at so unaccountable a proceeding was not a little heightened, when he beheld a handsome, gallant-looking youth, dressed after the fashion of the country cavaliers of the day, and looking as much like a spy and a traitor, as he did like the emperor of Morocco. Two yeomen of the guard, in all the pomp of scarlet and gold, held him tightly by the arms; and close at his heels followed constables innumerable, who, like Dogberry's

berry's retainers, looked as valiant and enterprising as their staves and ferocious features could make them. To the crowd, "these good men and true" paid but little respect; but to a rotund, pursy personage, with a rubicund countenance, and a brow awfully expressive of mastery, they behaved with the utmost deference and attention.

The reader will be at no loss to discover that this august personage was counsellor David Duncombe, and that the prisoner was our hapless hero, Reginald Trevor.

Such in truth was the fact. After Reginald had been taken from Job Jolli-man's vintry, the first question which the yeomen and officers asked each other was—"Where shall we take him to?"

"To the nearest magistrate," was the ready answer; and our hero was accordingly posted off to the house of a worthy cordwainer, not far from St. Martin's-lane, where a proper authority was to

to be obtained for his secure lodgement in the Tower of London, or to some other place of durance vile.

But master Martin, "citizen and cordwainer," was engaged with his worshipful company, in doing honour to so great a day, at a banquet prepared for the occasion ; so our hero was marched off to another magistrate, and then to another, all in vain ; for so glad and joyous a day was not to be marred with business, more especially with "justice business ;" all were rejoicing over the wine-flask, at the downfall of republicanism, and at the restoration of peace and legitimate royalty.

At length it was resolved to take the prisoner before counsellor Duncombe ; for it was naturally enough surmised by the leaders of this *posse civitales*, that as this learned person had laid the information, he could easily instruct them how to proceed further in the matter. To the counsellor's house then they

they went, and luckily *he* was at home. Never at a loss for an expedient, he resolved that the prisoner should be forthwith conveyed to Montresor House, where he (the lawyer) could have an opportunity of shewing the earl how great was his zeal, and how firm was his attachment to the new monarch.

So Reginald Trevor was paraded the whole length of the Strand, in the character of a traitor, followed by a noisy ragged rabble, which ever and anon poured forth from their filthy lungs the most odious and abominable execrations.

He had arrived opposite the end of that court, into which he had escaped in the early part of the day; and casting a longing glance towards its dim and narrow recesses, he saw that *now* there was no hope of release. But as he withdrew his anxious eye, it fell upon the form of Lionel Sterling, who had taken advantage of a break in the crowd, and  
was



was now advancing towards the yeomen and their captive.

“What matter is this that you are now so busy about, master Vaughan?” asked the youth, as he confronted the yeomen; one of whom immediately made the necessary obeisance, and replied, while his followers hung back, and the crowd gathered round Lionel, with staring eyes and open mouths—“We are bearing this young traitor before my lord of Montresor, to answer divers charges brought against him by his honour, counsellor Duncombe.”

“Ay, sir,” (and the lawyer now took up the theme), “he hath been guilty of sundry treasonable speeches—hath called down the vengeance of Heaven upon his most gracious majesty, whom God preserve! and hath acknowledged his services to the baron of Abermaw.”

“Liar!” muttered Reginald, while his eye glared in wrath upon the blazing countenance of his audacious accuser.

“Will

“ Will you swear to this, master Duncombe ?” asked Lionel, who was well acquainted with the honourable lawyer, and knew his motives.

“ Ay will I, right willingly,” was the prompt reply.

“ Then go on, Vaughan.” He approached Reginald, and whispered in his ear—“ Fear not ; no evil shall come of this ;” and the cavalcade then proceeded, accompanied by Lionel, whose quick perception had discovered as much as was necessary to convince him that the captive was the young loyalist of whom he had heard so much, and that the course adopted by the cunning lawyer was the best one possible for disclosing to the earl the meritorious services of our hero.

Having reached Montresor House, only master Duncombe and the yeomen were allowed to enter with Reginald ; and Lionel ushered them into an anti-room, while he went to ascertain if the earl

earl had returned from the Tower, that he might communicate the matter to his lordship.

## CHAP. X.

The happy eyes that we have shared,

Shall rise again before us ;

And gentlest love will stand prepared

To throw his mantle o'er us.

DELTA.

As Lionel entered the hall, on his way to the earl's apartments, he was accosted by Francis Tyringham—"News, news, most noble knight-errant!" cried the youth. "What boon will you grant, if I disclose it to you?"

"Does it concern me?" asked Lionel.

"Ay, most vitally."

"Well then, the boon?"

"To be groom's man, when you are married."

Lionel stared as he ejaculated—"Married!"

ried! How came that thought into your giddy pate?"

"I was reminded of it just now, by the arrival of the bride: she is in truth, a lovely damosel."

"The bride! And pray who may this bride be?"

"The lady Isabel."

"The lady *Isabel*! Pshaw! what care I about the lady Isabel?"

"Why, thou recreant knave!" said Tyringham, laughing, "you cannot so soon have ceased to sigh for that lovely Welsh divinity that stole your heart away among the mountains. Come, come—confess now, and grant me my boon."

"Well, I will grant it, on this condition—that if I *do* wed the lady Isabel, you shall make one in the ceremony."

"Agreed then; and now, will not you seek your Lindabrides? She, and her father, and her father's chaplain, and

her father's cousin, and the lord knows who, are with the earl. They all came in my lord's carriage, from the Tower, just now."

"Has the countess, too, returned from the palace?"

"She has."

"This is all very fortunate; but I must first see the earl in private. Here is a gallant youth brought here, charged by that old curry-favour, counsellor Duncombe, with uttering sundry treasonable speeches, as the old vulture calls them; and if my sagacity does not play me false, the culprit is no other than the brave young Welsh loyalist, Reginald Trevor—a near kinsman of the lady Isabel, and one who deserves well at the hands of our gracious king. I'll go and seek an audience with the earl, while you keep your eye upon the party in the anti-room." And Lionel went accordingly on his errand, while Tyingham

ham proceeded to his post in the anti-chamber.

Lionel sought the earl's private closet, which adjoined the apartment occupied by the company, and he dispatched a billet to his lordship by a lacquey, to request a word with him, on business of some importance; and his request was instantly granted by the presence of his patron.

"What has happened now, Lionel?" asked the earl, as he entered the closet. "Nothing, I hope, to mar the joy of this blessed day."

Lionel told the earl the cause of his present interview; and as he proceeded in his narration, he perceived that his patron became very powerfully agitated; and it was not till some time after Lionel had concluded, that he regained sufficient composure to speak to his *protégé*.

"Are you sure, Lionel," he said, at length, "that this youth is a kinsman or

the baron of Abermaw, and that he is the young loyalist of whom we have heard so much?"

"I am as sure, my lord, as report can certify. Besides, he has a noble carriage, and methinks he bears some slight resemblance to your lordship."

"It must be he then," said the earl, and his fine features became animated with an expression of the most fervent delight, as the conviction of Reginald's relationship to him burst upon his mind. —"Lionel," he continued, after a momentary pause, "you have added another claim to my esteem and gratitude, for you have brought me a son."

"A son, my lord!" exclaimed the youth in astonishment; "I thought your lordship had no other child than the lady Matilda."

"This gallant youth is Matilda's brother; and I thank God that he has proved himself so brave a loyalist!"

"Shall



“ Shall I bring him to your lordship now ?”

“ Ay, good Lionel, for I burn to embrace him : yet stay,” he added, as Lionel hastened to execute his commission, “ say not a word to him of this discovery. I would wish to see him as he is — an arraigned criminal before his judge, and in all the simplicity and strength of his own noble nature.—Go, Lionel, and bring him to me.”

Lionel quitted the presence-chamber, and proceeded forthwith to the anti-room, where he had left Reginald and his accuser. Here he found Francis Tyringham in familiar conversation with our hero, whose fame had impressed the young cavalier with very favourable sentiments on his behalf ; and Tyringham had found time to inspire him with the utmost confidence in the goodness and clemency of the earl, before Lionel arrived with the mandate for his immediate removal into that nobleman’s

presence. Counsellor Duncombe was pushing forward to follow, when Lionel bade him remain till he was called for—a measure highly derogatory to the arrogant self-sufficiency of that important personage, who was, however, fain to rest content with muttering some strange words about the irregularity of admitting traitors to an examination, without the presence of the accuser or witnesses.

Reginald, conducted by Lionel, reached the door of the closet, and was ushered at once into the presence of the earl, of whom he retained a perfect recollection, since his noble appearance, and likeness to the baron, engaged his notice during the courtly procession in the morning. He entered the apartment with a manly boldness, which the consciousness of his innocence served well to inspire; and, bowing slightly to the earl, stood erect and unabashed before him.

“ Young

“ Young man,” said the nobleman, in a voice tremulous with emotion, “ what have you to oppose to the heavy charges which have been brought against you ?”

“ May I crave to learn what those charges are, my lord ? as, at the present, I know of no crime of which I have been guilty.”

“ Is it no crime to preach treason in the public room of a common hostelry ? —to call down the vengeance of heaven on the head of our most gracious monarch, and to acknowledge your allegiance to that arch-traitor, the baron of Abermaw ?”

“ If it be a crime,” returned Reginald, proudly, “ to defend the character of a foster-father, from the vile allegations of evil-hearted men, then am I guilty ; but to say that I ever spoke word, or harboured thought, against our lawful prince, is a wicked and malicious falsehood ; and he must be a bold man who dares to assert so base a slander.”

The earl rose slightly in his seat, as though he would have flown into his son's arms; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he paused, and rang a small silver bell, which was placed on the table before him.—“ Tell counsellor Duncombe,” he said to the lacquey who answered the summons, “ to come hither; he is in the western antichamber.”

The lacquey bowed, withdrew, and quickly returned, ushering in the rotund form of the man of law, who, with a *congé* that would have done honour to the most adulatory courtier breathing, stood, unabashed, and brimful of importance, before the earl.

“ Master Duncombe,” said the earl, “ you have some charges to prefer against this youth; will you recite them?”

“ Most readily, my lord,” was the prompt answer; and drawing from his pocket a scroll of parchment, master Duncombe began to read, in a loud and sonorous voice, the accusation, which  
he

he had taken care should be drawn up, with all its technicalities, in the most accurate manner possible.

The earl watched Reginald very closely, as the counsellor proceeded with his charge; and he was pleased to perceive the supreme contempt with which his son regarded the whole affair. As yet the lawyer had confined himself merely to the treasonable speech, and to the acknowledgment which Reginald made of his intimacy with the baron of Abermaw, reserving for a climax, the amplification regarding Reginald's abuse of the king. In due time he arrived at this important point; and his voice became tremulous and less loud, as, looking up, he observed the glance of mingled wrath and contempt which our hero cast upon him.

"Read on, sir," said the earl, as he detected the faltering in the accuser's manner—"This is the very essence of the matter;" and with this encourage-

ment master Duncombe lifted up his voice again, and continued to read in his accustomed loud tone till he concluded.

“Dare you say this of me, old man?” fiercely exclaimed Reginald, as he confronted the lawyer. “Have you ever, in your life, heard me utter one word against our glorious king?”

“It is as I have said,” surlily answered master Duncombe.

“I pray you, my lord, let him swear this fact. Put him, I beseech you, to the test,” said Reginald, with a warmth that would have convinced a heretic of his innocence.

“Master Duncombe,” said the earl, “are you ready and willing to swear to this matter?”

“With all submission, my good lord,” replied the lawyer, “*this* is not the time to swear to it. When properly arraigned before the tribunal of the country, I will swear this, and more also, if it be necessary.

necessary. Yet if your lordship wishes, I will attest it now upon oath."

The earl again rang the bell, and said to the lacquey who appeared—"Desire the attendance of my chaplain here on the instant," and the chaplain came.

"I need not tell *you*, master Duncombe, that an oath is a serious matter," said the earl; "yet I would wish to ask you once more, if you are quite positive as to the truth of your allegation against this youth?"

"I am, my lord, quite positive."

"But before you do so, will it not be better that you should give a name to the offender? This, I observe, you have not mentioned yet."

Master Duncombe looked somewhat confused, when he replied, that he did not know his name.

"Perhaps," said the earl, looking towards Reginald—"perhaps he himself will inform us by what name he is known?"

“REGINALD TREVOR!” proudly pronounced our hero, as he knew that this would prove a sufficient answer to any charge of treason or disloyalty.

“My son!—my brave and gallant son!” exclaimed the earl, while, unable any longer to repress his feelings, he fell upon Reginald’s neck.

Besides the earl and Reginald, there were only present in the chamber, during this interview, Lionel, the earl’s chaplain, and master Duncombe. The two former immediately retired; nor was the sapient lawyer very tardy in effecting his retreat: he sneaked away, in the temporary confusion which ensued, and never ventured again to curry favour with courtiers, but spent the remainder of his days in sopping with some kindred spirits, at the Bell in Holborn.

To attempt a description of the ecstatic joy of this meeting between the earl and his son—of the proud delight on the part of the father—and of the wondering



dering and pleasurable confusion on that of Reginald, would be presuming too greatly on the patience and good sense of the reader. Suffice it to say, that both father and son experienced, in the glad recognition, an emotion of proud exultation, not unmingled with feelings of fervent gratitude to Him who had brought these happy events to pass.

Anxious to spare the countess the unavoidable exhibition of the emotions which must necessarily arise from her interview with her son, the earl, so soon as he himself had somewhat recovered his calmness, dispatched an attendant to request the presence of lady Montresor and Matilda; and no sooner did the countess's eye rest upon Reginald, as she entered the apartment, than a single glance disclosed to her the object and result of the interview. Chastened as the countess's feelings had been by years of anxiety and care, she could not wholly repress them now; but, folding her  
firstborn

firstborn to her bosom, she wept upon his neck, and felt, in the deep delight of that happy moment, an abundant balm for all her previous sufferings.

Matilda, who had not yet recovered the shock of her last interview with Lionel, forgot, for a moment, the grief which it had created; and with all the joyousness of her own artless nature, she welcomed him with a kiss of unconcealed affection; and murmured, for the first time in her life, the holy name of *brother*, as she hung round his neck, in all the unconstrained delight of her young and innocent heart.

When the earl and his family entered the withdrawing-room, where he had left the baron, with lady Isabel, mistress Dinah, and the worthy clerk, master Pendragon Jones, none of them expected to receive so welcome an addition to their party as Reginald; and the baron could scarcely credit the veracity of his own eyes, when the manly form of his  
nephew

nephew appeared following the earl and his lady, and supporting on his arm the glad and smiling Matilda. All his formality, and all his indignation, were forgotten, as he stretched out his arms to embrace his kinsman; and all his political prejudices were thrown aside, amidst the rejoicing which ensued. Isabel was the first to discover her foster-brother, and the rich bloom which mantled on her face and bosom, as her eye encountered his anxious and eager gaze, was succeeded by a paleness, which told plainer than speech could have done, the unchanged influence which he still held over her destiny; and it was not until he had taken her hand, and pressed it passionately to his lips, that her colour again returned, and her breathing became more equable and more free.

As for the worthy tutor, he was fairly beside himself, and he performed such strange and uncouth vagaries, that those who looked upon his gambols, had  
some

some strong suspicions as to his returning sanity : he capered, he sang, he shouted, regardless alike of the decorum due to his own calling, and to the presence of the august persons around him ; till at length he threw out his arms towards his beloved pupil, and clasped him in an embrace, so powerful and so hearty, that Reginald was glad to withdraw himself from so energetic a testimony of his preceptor's affection.

“ This is *my* work ! ” said the honest creature, as he gazed, with sparkling eyes, upon the noble form of his pupil. “ See what I have made him—a loyal subject—a brave soldier—an affectionate son ! But I crave pardon,” he continued, as he observed the laughing eyes that were bent upon him. “ The joy of my heart hath overpowered the strength of my reason ; and truly I wonder not thereat, seeing that this blessed day has brought about such glad and mighty things. I always predi-  
cated

cated honour, and riches, and exaltation, to my boy, and now that it hath come to pass, I am like to go crazy." And master Pendragon Jones, overcome by his emotions and exertions, sank down upon a seat in breathless agitation.

Mistress Dinah was more temperate, and more guarded in her demonstrations of gladness. She stretched out her hand to Reginald, with all the frigid dignity of elderly maidenhood; and merely made a slight inclination of her head, as the youth took her shrivelled palm, and carried it gracefully to his lips.

Having thus performed the office of salutation to each person present, Reginald withdrew with Isabel to a recess in one of the windows, where we will leave them for the present, to indulge in that innocent and blissful confabulation which was most likely to occur to two lovers, who had been separated so long, and under such remarkable circumstances.

In

In the mean time, the night was advancing ; and as the ordinary and indispensable business of eating and drinking must proceed, whatever may be the other occurrences of life, nay, although even death itself should interpose, and strike a victim, verifying the axiom of the old ballad—

“ Cloth must we wear,  
Eat beef and drink beer,  
Though the dead go to bier ;”

so on this memorable occasion was the attention of our happy party diverted by a summons to the supper-room. On ordinary occasions, the earl's table was numerously attended, by such of his followers as were of sufficient rank and bearing to merit so distinguished an honour ; but in the present instance, no one had been summoned, excepting his lordship's chaplain ; for the earl was not desirous of having the joy of so blissful a meeting marred or obtruded upon by  
the

the presence of those who could not be expected to participate in its gladness. But as this regulation by no means extended to the exclusion of Lionel, his lordship was somewhat surprised to find his customary seat remain unoccupied, for some time after the meal had been served up.

“How is this?” said the earl, smiling, and assuming a bantering air. “Why tarries your knight, my lady, so long from the banquet-board?” Then, turning to his brother, he continued—“I had hoped, Edward, to have made you better acquainted with a young gallant of mine, whom you have already learned to admire. Have you any recollection of the youth who conducted you from Corwen hitherward?”

“I remember him right well,” was the baron’s answer; “a noble-hearted, gallant, handsome youth, of a free carriage, and excellent bearing.”

“The same,” said the earl; “and I know

know not why he is not at his post, he having sworn fealty and allegiance to that noble dame and her daughter," pointing towards the countess. "Have you sent him on any adventure perilous, Catherine?"

"No," said the countess, smiling. "I have not yet received his devoirs since my return from the palace; but Matilda can perhaps inform you of his fate."

All eyes were turned upon Matilda, who could not help blushing, as she declared her ignorance of Lionel's destination, as well as of its cause; although she more than suspected that his absence was occasioned by his determination to trust himself no more within the reach of her power.

Reginald, however, now ascertained of whom they were speaking, and relieved the maiden's embarrassment, by explaining the manner in which he encountered him in the street, and that he had seen him but a short time since in  
the



the house. He concluded by soliciting the earl to request his attendance, as his company could not but be highly grateful to every one present.

A lacquey was accordingly dispatched for the truant, who shortly afterwards entered the apartment.

When Lionel quitted the earl's closet, on his disclosure to his son, his delicate mind prompted him to withdraw himself from the society of his patron's family for the evening, although he would have sympathized in all their joy with gladness and sincerity. He had another reason also, which was, a resolution, as Matilda had surmised, to trust himself no more within the influence of her fascinations. He was now fully bent upon a separation, more especially as Reginald could more than supply his place to the earl of Montresor; and he had sought a colonnade in the inner court-yard of the mansion, where he

was

was ruminating upon his plans, when the servant delivered his message.

That he felt gratified at this mark of affection from his patron, was natural enough; still there was an air of constraint, and even of melancholy, in his manner, as he seated himself at the table; and it was well for him that his companions were too deeply engrossed with their own feelings, to observe the alteration in his deportment, as it relieved him from the embarrassment which would necessarily have occurred from any playful rallying at that time and place.

The ladies at length retired; and the cold—Matilda deemed it even haughty—manner with which Lionel bade the maiden good even, was not, she thought, in any degree called for, however inflexible his stoicism might be; still she could not help admiring the heroic principle which influenced his conduct, although she herself was likely to be-  
come

come a sufferer by it. That Lionel loved her, she now well knew; and in her sweet simplicity, she could not but doubt the ineligibility with which he had invested himself, of obtaining her hand, now that he had, and she cared not to confess it to herself, so entirely won her heart.

She now regretted that she had not made her mother her confidant in this important affair; for Lionel was an object of esteem, and even of affection, to both her noble parents.

“It is not yet too late,” was the result of the long train of meditation which ensued after Lionel had left her in the early part of the evening, “and this very night will I throw myself at her feet, and confess all.”

It was with a beating heart, therefore, that Matilda followed her mother into her own chamber, and prepared, as was her custom, to join in the evening's devotion; but her resolution faltered, when,  
rising

rising from her posture of meek adoration, the anxious moment arrived for the confession. The countess had already pressed upon her daughter's pale cheek the kiss of nocturnal benediction, before that daughter could summon the fortitude necessary to perform her task; and it is difficult to say whether her noble mother felt more surprised or alarmed, when, throwing herself into her arms, Matilda wept in speechless agitation.

"My child, my dear, dear child," said the anxious mother, as she supported the throbbing brow of her weeping daughter, "tell me, my love, what has happened? Are you ill?"

"Oh, no, no," murmured the afflicted maiden. "Will you forgive me, dearest mother?" she continued, hiding her face in her mother's bosom. "I have been very unkind and ungrateful."

"Forgive you, my love!" exclaimed the countess, with increased astonishment,

ment. "What can my child have done to require forgiveness?"

Matilda confessed her crime, even from the first dawning of her love for Lionel, to its full and unavoidable completion. She concealed nothing from her mother; nay, she even acknowledged that she might have given the noble-minded youth more encouragement than she ought strictly to have done; and she ended by informing the countess of Lionel's resolution to withdraw from the family on the morrow.

The countess heard her, with all the attention and interest which such a disclosure was likely to create; and at its conclusion, the smile of love and benevolence which beamed upon her features, was an ample guarantee to Matilda, not merely of her mother's forgiveness, but of her approval of her choice.

"And where, my child, do you think have been my eyes and ears all this busy and eventful time?" said the countess,

as she smilingly kissed away the tears from her daughter's cheek. "I knew of your love for our gallant knight, before you dared to acknowledge its existence, even to your own heart; and I knew that if he could love you as fervently and as fondly as you loved him, you would be a happy woman. But we must prevent him from deserting our service—must we not, love?"

"My mother, my own kind mother," was all that Matilda could say, as she again hid her now-blushing face on the countess's neck.

"It would be a sad thing," said the countess, "if the happy events of this memorable day were to be damped by the grief of my child. We have had sorrow enough, Matilda; and we must look forward now to a compensating portion of happiness. God bless you, my love! I need not wish that your dreams be pleasant ones."

She pressed a kiss on Matilda's forehead,

head, who blushed with delight, as she tripped to her own apartment, to seek—we cannot say repose—but a free and unobserved indulgence in the most blissful feelings which can agitate the female bosom.

Early the next morning, Lionel sought an interview with his patron in his private apartment; and without any circumlocution, he besought his lordship to use his influence to procure him an appointment in some foreign country; his views and prospects in England, he said, having been recently changed, by an earnest desire which he had of seeing something more of the world. The earl listened to him with well-feigned surprise; but there was a good-natured smile on his fine features, which appeared exceedingly ill timed and mysterious to the suppliant, as he did expect that his lordship would have evinced something like regret at the prospect of parting with him.

After Lionel had concluded, the earl said to him, with apparent indifference —“ Well, my dear boy, if such be your wish, I will certainly gratify it. You know, that any influence which I may possess, is, at all times, to be used in your behalf; and although I should still experience considerable pleasure in retaining you near my own person, your inclinations shall always supersede any selfish wishes of mine. Have you determined upon the scene of your future destination?”

“ I would leave that to your lordship,” said the youth, “ as it matters little to me whither I go.”

“ Ha!” said the earl, “ then, after all, this exile of yours is not altogether influenced by a desire to see the world. Come, be candid, Lionel, and tell me if there be not some trifling love-affair at the bottom of the whole?”

“ My lord!” exclaimed Lionel, while the blood mounted rapidly to his brow.

He



He checked himself, as he continued—  
“ I owe you much, my lord, more than I can ever repay, in word or deed ; but urge me not on this point. You have been as a father to me, and I bear towards you all the love and gratitude of a son ; but on this subject, a duty stronger than that of a son to a parent, compels me to maintain the strictest silence.”

“ I have some influence, Lionel, and may be of use to you in this matter : will not you confide in me, and seek my aid ?”

“ Never, my lord, while I live !” exclaimed the youth, in a tone, and with an air, that left the earl no doubt of his noble determination.

The earl smiled, as he said—“ You speak boldly, Lionel ; but be not too confident in your own resolution. You may violate this vow yet.”

“ It will not be in my present humour then,” answered Lionel, attempting a smile, to conceal his real feelings.

“ Things may change,” said the earl, again smiling.

“ Never with me, my lord.”

“ Then your purpose is irrevocably fixed ?”

“ It is, my lord ; and I confide its arrangement to your lordship’s goodness,” and he turned to leave the room.

“ Stay, Lionel ; I can act no further in this matter, until I have the licence of the ladies. You must remember, that you have vowed unchangeable servitude to them.”

Lionel felt exceedingly embarrassed as he stammered—“ That vow is still unbroken, and ever shall be ; but circumstances have occurred, to render its performance, in my own person, unsafe and impossible. I beseech you, my lord,” he added, in a firmer tone, “ press me no further,” and again he was about to withdraw.

The earl regarded his *protégé* with an expression of the deepest interest and admiration.—

admiration.—“Lionel,” he said, in a tone well calculated to arrest his progress, “you have deceived me!”

Again did the blood rush into the brow and temples of the ingenuous youth, as the earl uttered, in a tone of assumed reproach, this bitter accusation; and Lionel’s honourable mind was too conscious of its truth, to attempt to deny it. He *had* deceived his patron, and designedly deceived him; actuated, however, by no base or improper motives, but by a deep sense of delicacy, respect, and gratitude, towards each member of that patron’s family. Yet, notwithstanding these extenuating circumstances, he felt at this moment, all the pangs of a guilty conscience, and all the shame of a detected criminal.

The earl now thought that he had carried on his deception long enough; and having sufficiently punished Lionel by thus torturing his honourable feelings, he said to him, in his kindest man-

ner—"What have I done, Lionel, that you would not make me your confidant in your love for my own child? Nay, I must have no denial—no recantation; I know it all; and now (he rose from his seat), I will leave you to arrange this rambling freak of yours, with one who is more concerned in it than any of us." He threw open an inner door as he spoke, and Lionel, to his utter amazement and confusion, found himself alone with the lady Matilda.

To intrude into the sanctuary of two such lovers, is no part of the duty of a faithful historian; neither have we, having long since lost all the joyousness and freshness of youth, the power to portray the particulars of an interview, by far too sacred to be wantonly interfered with. Suffice it to say, that very few minutes had elapsed, before Lionel, after the requisite number of sighs and protestations, willingly and gladly abandoned his intention of "seeing more of  
the

the world," and ratified his former vows of homage and fealty, to the mistress of his heart, and its best affections: and when he this time parted from Matilda, it was with a brighter eye, and a more blithesome step, than when he last left her presence.

## CONCLUSION.

To the termination of the last chapter we have used, with a pertinacious fidelity worthy of all imitation, the materials with which fortune has favoured us; but further than this these materials proceed not; and all that we can now depend upon, are the scattered reports of that voracious gossip — tradition. These, however vague and unsatisfactory they may appear to the fastidious and professed antiquary, are quite sufficient for our present purpose, inasmuch as they throw sufficient light upon the destiny of the persons concerned in this history, and inasmuch as they also emanate from a source, for the accuracy of which we will frankly and unhesitatingly pledge ourselves. Our old foster-mother,

Lowry

Lowry (*anglicé* Laura) Williams, a lineal descendant, on her mother's side, from Shenny Roberts, has received from her ancestors all the necessary particulars, and treasured them, good old soul, in her memory, with a veneration suited to their importance. This then is the sum and substance of the tradition.

The lady Isabel and Reginald were, of course, married ; so also were Matilda and Lionel, and Shenny and Evan. The baron, cured of his republicanism, and now determined to enjoy this fortunate result of events, retired again into Wales, where he spent the remainder of his days in quiet dignity, and in calm sequestered grandeur. He even took particular interest in the preparations which were made for Reginald's marriage, which preparations, by the way, made the old castle, and the older woods, ring with joy and gladness. Boisterous and bustling as those times were, the festivities attendant upon Reginald's nuptials,

nuptials, exceeded all that had been witnessed in those parts, for many, many years; they served, in fact, not only to celebrate the wedding, but at the same time, the restoration of Charles the Second, and the establishment of peace and comfort throughout his late distracted dominions.

In this blessed change from anarchy to repose, from civil discord to unanimity and rejoicing, Reginald's feelings eagerly participated. The events which had called forth the fiery energies of his youth, had passed away; and now, no longer influenced by their turbulent disquietude, his attention became directed to objects more endearing and attractive. The management of the wide domain over which he now presided, for the baron had committed every thing to his charge, afforded sufficient occupation for his mind, and sufficient scope for its activity; he became, in short, the munificent patron of his numerous dependants,



ants, an active and potential resident in the county, and a liberal and generous dispenser of those hospitable rites, which were then the boast and glory of Wales. Let us not forget to add, that his most gracious majesty conferred upon him the lord lieutenancy of Merioneth, and the dignity of constable of Harlech Castle, with reversion to his heir, and his lineal descendants for ever.

Of Lionel and his bride, tradition—that is, old Lowry's tradition—has not been so prolix. He continued attached to the court of Charles, and became a distinguished favourite of that monarch, without participating in his licentiousness, or pandering to his vices. Occasionally he and his lovely bride, who, by the way, was one of the most chaste and brilliant ornaments of that gay but licentious court, ventured upon a journey into Wales, in which they were always accompanied by the earl of Montresor, so long as health and strength permitted

permitted him to brave the dangers of so tedious a pilgrimage. There is a vague recollection of a closer alliance between the families, by the marriage of a son of Lionel with a daughter of the house of Montresor; but we have not been able to make this out, by searching the pedigree of the family. We mention the circumstance, however, as it may lead to more accurate investigation, on the part of some of our learned and zealous friends in Merionethshire.

Our reverend friend, Mr. Pendragon Jones, lived and died a bachelor. This was most wonderful, inasmuch as mistress Dinah Price would certainly have joined her fate with his, upon the least possible encouragement or persuasion. But no—the minister had enjoyed the comforts of single-blessedness too long and too dearly, to venture upon the troubled and tempestuous sea of matrimony; although his alliance with this  
ancient

ancient damsel would have conferred upon him a distant degree of kindred with the noble house of Abermaw. Mr. Jones had lived to witness the two events which his heart most keenly panted for—the restoration of Charles, namely—and the marriage of Reginald. He cared for nothing now, but to see his darling pupil happy, and his own waning life drawing nearer and nearer to eternity ; and so he remained chaplain to the baron of Abermaw, having resolutely and sturdily refused the interference of Reginald, who had repeatedly offered to procure him a clerical rank and dignity, suited to his energetic loyalty and profound learning.

Amongst the numerous appointments and rewards bestowed by Clarendon, the generous Frank Goldworthy was not forgotten—a snug commissionership being bestowed upon him, through which he enjoyed a handsome income,

income, without much toil or exertion. Margaretta Patience he presently espoused: and we learn from another quarter, that his descendants are no other than the highly respectable and wealthy Goldworthys, of Godalmin in Surrey.

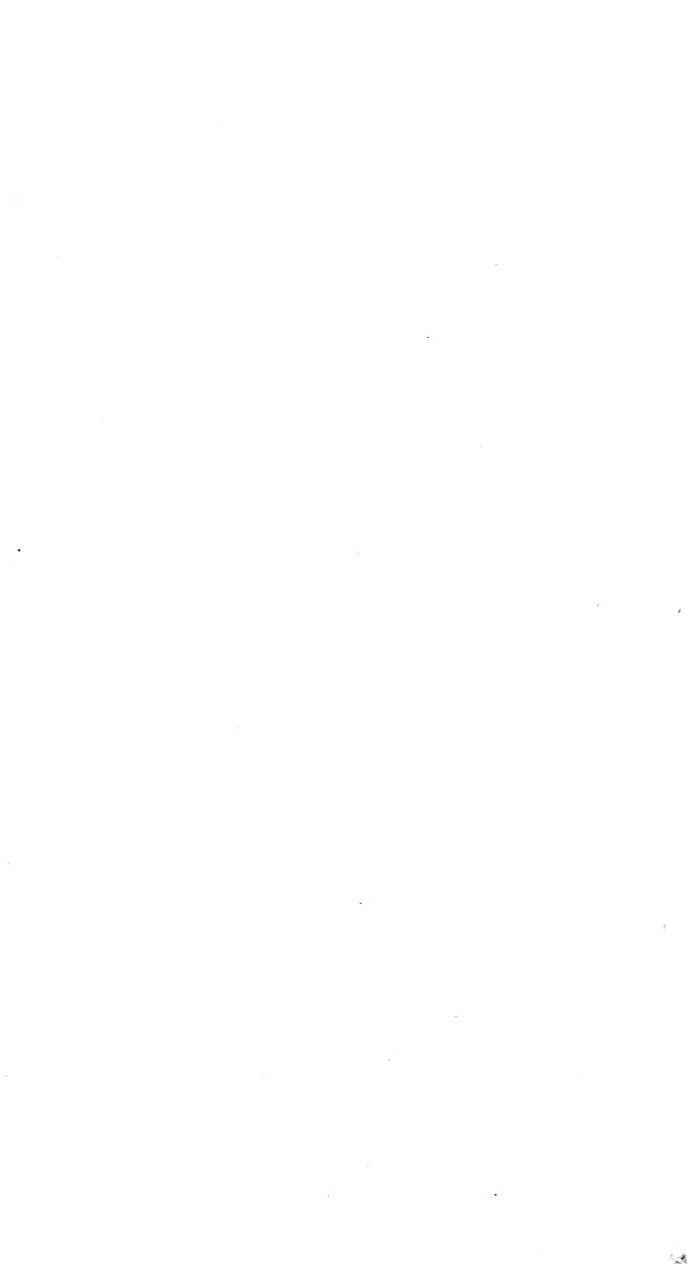
There is one other individual whom we must not omit to mention, and that is, Mr. Die Davies. He had proved himself the fast friend of the baron in his troubles, and now that those troubles had subsided, the baron was too grateful to be unmindful of him. He became a welcome and a frequent guest at the castle, and whiled away the tedium of increasing age, by nursing Reginald's children, and listening, with all due attention, to the winter-evening tales of old Shone David, the shepherd; not omitting occasionally to crush a cup with old Howel the butler, and to enjoy, with that worthy, a quiet gossip  
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on the interesting and bustling events which characterized the youth of Reginald Trevor.

THE END.

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